

MHNIN AEIAE ΘEA.

Brightoniadis Poemat. heroicæ, lib. cccxxx.

AT quid si hi *gloriosi milites (Alexandri et Cæsares, id est)* perpetuo victores fuerint? Fuerint sanè. NIHIL MUTO DE SENTENTIA MEA. Quo enim bello PRINCIPUM GLORIA, non imperii POPULIQUE SALUS fuit proposita, quo bello *florens respublica aut libera civitas* ab iis, quos nullis laceffivit injuriis, fuit EXTERMINANDA, id INIQUISSIMUM ducò et SCCELERATISSIME susceptum.

Quid est enim, si hoc non est SCELUS? Atque adeo nunc quam in animo cogito, quæ res gestæ sunt in *omnibus Europæ regionibus*, quam animò contemplor tot munitas et *expugnatas urbes*, tot *incendia et vastationes*, tot pugnas et *rapinas*, TOT DENIQUE MILLIA HOMINUM CÆSA quotannis; sine ullâ dubitatione, sic STATUO.

Qui primus invenit, quo artificio fingatur *olla fictilis*, aut *texatur qualis vimineus*, eum multo melius meruisse de omnibus gentibus, quam OMNES DUCES (*nisi qui pro patriâ pugnaverint, quales sunt nostri; et quos id propterea libenter secerno*) quàm omnes, inquam, DUCES, IMPERATORES, VICTORES, QUI NUNC SUNT, QUIQUE FUERUNT.

Porro autem mecum reputanti, QUID VOX VENERANDA, QUID LEX COELESTIS DOMINI NOSTRI JESU CHRISTI, PRÆCEPERIT, sanè mihi videntur hi BELlicosissimi HEROES, terrarumque Domini NIHIL DILEXISSE PRÆTER SEIPSOS, omnia METVISSE PRÆTER DEUM.

KINGII Orat. in Theatro Sheldon.

IN MAGNIS VOLUISSE SAT EST. *T'braço Britannicus.*

JURA NEGET SIBI NATA, nihil non ARROGET armis.

Custos Rotulorum.

&c. &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c.

&c. &c. &c.

8135. b. 7.
2

A
NARRATIVE
OF
TRANSACTIONS

RELATIVE TO A
SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE
Parish Church of *Brighton*, August 18, 1793:

WITH
Short EXTRACTS from the SERMON,
AND
OCCASIONAL REMARKS.

By VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D. *K*
MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, AND LATE FELLOW
OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

" ——— Stirpem et genus omne futurum
" Exercete odium : ———
" ——— Nullus amor populi, nec fœdera sunt:
" Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas,
" IMPRECOR, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepotesque !!!"
Hæc Brightonii.

The SECOND EDITION, Corrected.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.
1793.

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1793.

PROLEGOMENA.

To certain Persons UNKNOWN; but, in the *anonymous* Autography of their Requisition, Manifesto, or Mandate, directed and sent to Dr. KNOX in Brighton Theatre, denominating themselves, "THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE."

Gentlemen of this Theatre,

WHEN one man accosts another by name in the street, who has not the pleasure of knowing him, the man so accosted usually returns the civility of the hat, and says, "Sir, you have the advantage of me." Upon my word, *Gentlemen of THIS Theatre*, I must confess that *you* have the advantage of *me*. I see indeed my own name on the back of the note which you did me the honour to send me; but, in the inside, I see no name at all, and can find no appellation with which to address you, but that which, in the note, you yourselves

selves have thought proper to assume, *videlicet*,
 “THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE.”
 I never saw your faces before, and I have never
 heard your names since;—so that you most
 certainly have the advantage of me. *Non
 sumus ergo pares.—Impar congressus.—Do lu-
 bens manus.*

That point is very clear. I certainly do
 not know *who* you are; it remains to be de-
 cided *what* you are. Let me put on my spec-
 tacles, and look at your own manuscript note
 once more.—“*The—Gentlemen—OF—this—
 “Theatre;”—OF this Theatre,—“OF,”—that
 is,—the Gentlemen OF or belonging to this
 Theatre.—Aye; there I have it, sure enough.
 The Gentlemen of this Theatre must be the
 PLAYERS; the Gentlemen of the Sock and
 Buskin, belonging to Brighton Theatre.—
 “Your servant, Gentlemen; I like you too
 “well to leave you yet.—Pardonnez moi.”*

I take off my spectacles with the satisfaction
 of a man who has just made a discovery; and,
 turning them round and round with my finger,
 I turn the discovery in my thoughts at the
 same time.—No, no,—it will not do;—it

cannot be so. The Gentlemen Players are gentlemen too well bred and too discreet, to turn out the spectators,—their customers,—quiet people too, who disturb nobody, and have just paid for five seats in the boxes.—Besides, you see “the Gentlemen of this Theatre” are here close behind us,—coming along with their own letter themselves, like the Irishmen.—See, see, they are clad in *military uniform*;—they *cannot* be the Players; they are soldiers in *right earnest*.—Do observe their *uniform*.

“Pshaw!” say you, “for that matter,
 “and as to the military uniform, the Play-
 “ers, man, have all sorts of dresses; and
 “could furbish up a little company of sol-
 “diers, in the twinkling of an eye, out of
 “their theatrical wardrobe;—soldiers that
 “would look as well as these do, for the mat-
 “ter of *look*, if that’s all, I warrant ye. They
 “need only call in those useful auxiliaries, at
 “a *pinch*, the candle-snuffers; or those gentle-
 “men that are so well skilled in manœu-
 “vring, the scene-shifters; and depend upon
 “it that is the case. There is no absolute
 “impossibility, but that these personages,
 a 2 “though

“ though in a subaltern sphere, may have
 “ styled themselves, with ambitious aspira-
 “ tion, “ *The Gentlemen of THIS Theatre.*”

Very good, very good indeed!—This is a part of the *play* then;—excellent, i’faith; most excellent!—This is the “*Agreeable Surprise*” then, that was announced in the play-bill for to-night’s amusement. I thought the *play* was over;—but there now lies the *surprise*;—it is *not* over,—this is the *sixth* act.—Well, the more for money the better. This is something *surprising* indeed; and prodigiously *agreeable*, I own: But I did not know that I was one of the *dramatis personæ*;—they should have acquainted *me* beforehand; I was quite ignorant of the plot:—but the *Gentlemen of this Theatre* have sent me directions, I suppose, in this billet. Well, let us read on.—Oh!—I see, I must go out; must not I?—I am but a *novice in theatricals*; but I am docile—willing to learn.—I see, by my instructions, I must go out *immediately*,—surrounded, I suppose, by my *life-guards*. Egad! I shall be as proud as an emperor, as I march through the narrow defile, lined on each side with janizaries, paying me obeisance!—

This

This is a mighty pretty play indeed : but I am in the dark—quite in the dark still—as to the *plot* ; yet the prompter calls, and I must go. You, however, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, have the goodness to give me my *cue*, and let me know what I am to do *next*. I am all compliance. Cannot the ladies here at my right hand perform any part in this *agreeable surprise*? I see they are following.—Bravo!—It will be a fine procession! it will have a rare effect!—Yet the worst of it is, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, the audience cannot see what passes in this dismal lobby : but they will see bye and bye, I dare say.

Heyday!—What now?—You are very *noisy* methinks, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*.—What! are all those ill names, and all that foul language, in the play-book?—Are you sure you are right?—Do you proceed according to the book?—It cannot be. Why, I hear nothing but stark nonsense;—neither wit, nor humour, nor rhyme, nor reason;—downright vulgar scurrility and balderdash. If this be humour, it is both low humour and ill humour. The ladies and I do not chuse to act in so ill-chosen a play. For my own part, I think you must
have

have made some mistake; I am sure you are all acting out of your character.

Let me look at you once more. I wish there was more light in this passage. Good lack! if I see clearly, you are the very identical gentlemen whom I saw sitting, during the first five acts of the play, on the opposite side of the house, which, I observed, was nearly empty when we all set out in this procession: the very same, no doubt. I have a perfect remembrance of one gentleman's face; but I neither know his quality nor his name. All I know is, that these grand personages cannot be the *players*. I see how it is now. Their honours have purchased all the boxes for the season, or got a patent jurisdiction over the whole house; and so, though they do not, properly speaking, *belong to the Theatre*, as I too precipitately concluded from their calling themselves the *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, yet the *Theatre belongs to them*; aye, aye; and I have unfortunately intruded, without their permission, on what they call THEIR GROUND; that is, their freehold; whence they have a right to drive all others away, as the dog did from the manger. Ten thousand millions of

pardons

pardons do we all beg you, you kind, good, dear *Gentlemen of this Theatre*.—We saw the play advertised;—we paid our money at the door, and we were placed here by the box-keeper.—Excuse our ignorance,—we knew of no *exclusive* rights here:—and if we can presume to have equal rights with you at the Theatre, then *yours* was the intrusion into our company, not ours into yours,—for we were here before you. But, right or wrong, it is not worth contending about; for might overcomes right; and the might is all on your own side: *Contendere durum est, cum victore—sequor.*

“Off, off.—Off, off, Democrat.—Off, off,
“Sedition.—Off, off, Sermon.”

Well, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*, we are retreating as fast as you will let us pass. We have been under a mistake. We did not know that you had exclusive rights, or that you could shew your commissions. We thought you merely players,—

That fret and strut their hour upon the stage,
And then go off as well as we.

Seriùs ocyùs, exeunt omnes!

All

All this mistake now arose from your styling yourselves, "*The Gentlemen of this Theatre.*" Had you condescended to let us know your RIGHTS, or would have shewn us your commissions, it would have saved you from making your throats sore with calling us such hard names; and that gentleman yonder would not have been so much out of breath, and looked so pale. The ladies have *salts* in their pockets;—do let them administer them to his nose. He seems quite faint, poor gentleman. Well—Good night to you. I always obey lawful authority; and even unlawful, when I am opposed by a superior force; and, doubtless, you have a warrant for this proceeding, notwithstanding it appears a little extraordinary. I humbly think, (but there now, what business have I to think?) that you are not *now*, and upon this *occasion*, acting under your commission. The weakest however must go to the wall. Near twenty to one are great odds indeed at foot-ball. I surrender my citadel. You have taken us all prisoners. We march out; but leave the honours of war all your own. Your colours fly triumphant; and I hear the shouts of victory. We have
surrender-

surrendered *at* discretion. It is a moot point, whether *to* discretion. But let us not wrangle about such little monosyllables. I certainly did yield to superiority of some kind or other; whether of discretion or force, let historians of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three determine.

You have had your revenge;—let us now *parly*. You say, and we have it under your own hands, that you are gentlemen—you add indeed, *of this Theatre*; but, whether of this Theatre or not, a gentleman will behave like a gentleman in the Theatre, out of the Theatre, and all the world over:—So that I am sure I shall be heard with candour, now the first heat is a little subsided. Hang it, I wish you had put your own names to that puzzling paper of yours; I might then have said, Colonel O'Nokes, or Captain Stiles, or Lieutenant Doe, or Ensign Roe;—but now I can address you only by the awkward appellation, *Gentlemen of this Theatre*. Give me leave to omit that odd addition, and to say plainly, “Gentlemen”—as I have no doubt you are, by self-estimation, profession, and rank;—though in one instance, and from zeal in

what you deemed your COUNTRY'S CAUSE, you have acted rather *ungently* to be sure.

Gentlemen, then ; we have mentioned the word *commission*. You do not, I dare say, suppose, that military men only have *commissions*. Every clergyman has a *commission*. Will you give me leave to read it to you ? It may assist you in the judicial proceedings of this newly *united Court Martial and Court Ecclesiastical*. In the avocations of rural amusement, and the fatigues of a military life, you may not perhaps have met with it, or considered it with due attention. Here it is, Gentlemen, in this little volume, whence my offensive text was taken. Shall I read it *for* you, as you are rather disconcerted by your recent exertion in the cause of your country ? Then, pray take off your hats and your caps, and issue orders to the youngers in the rear to hold their babbling, and call no more hard names, now the parly has begun.—“ Hats off?—what ! to *you* ?—No ; I’ll be ——— if I do.” Not so hasty, good Colonel O’Nokes, I did not say to *me* ; but in reverence of the aforesaid *commission*, which comes from the KING—of Kings.

Kings. The words are very solemn. Nothing should have induced me to have read them to you in this place, but that you have accused me in this place of having exceeded my commission in the offensive sermon, in which I studied to promote your happiness, and the happiness of every mortal under Heaven, by recommending, on gospel principles, peace and benevolence. Now your wrath is a little abated, and the overflow of ill language subsided, I will read it to you. In return, if you please, you shall shew me that part of your commission, which authorizes you to turn his Majesty's liege subjects out of Theatres, and to revile them as they go, with insulting language.

*"I charge thee, before God, and the LORD
 "JESUS CHRIST, who shall judge the quick
 "and the dead at his appearing, and in his
 "kingdom,*

*"Preach the Word, be instant IN SEASON,
 "OUT OF SEASON, REPROVE, REBUKE, EX-
 "HORT, with all long-suffering and doctrine.*

*"For the time will come, when they will
 "not endure sound doctrine, and shall turn
 b 2 "away*

"away their ears from the truth; but watch
 "thou in all things; do the work of an Evan-
 "gelist, make full proof of thy ministry."

St. Paul to Tim. ii. 4.

Now, Gentlemen, would you think one of your own profession deserving of abuse and insult for doing his duty, under all circumstances, fearlessly and regardless of interest and favour, according to the tenor of his *commission*? Would he be entitled to praise or blame? Do you despise a soldier who braves all danger, and esteem a sneaking coward who consults only his own safety? The questions are self-answered. Apply them, from your own profession, *mutatis mutandis*, to another profession, as liberal as your own; and still honoured, and deemed useful, even in a political light, to your COUNTRY, for which you display so much zeal. The Author of that religion, which is established by law in this kingdom, is called the CAPTAIN OF SALVATION. Would you have a soldier, professionally engaged in the service of this GREAT CAPTAIN, a mere time-server, a preferment hunter, a flatterer, a subtle politician for his

own gain, a servile courtier, fit only to cringe and simper at levees, and bend his doctrines with his back to all circumstances and persons, for the sake of a stall or a mitre? Would you have him suit his doctrines from the pulpit to the varying hour, to the caprice, or the vanity, or the prejudice, or the passion of his congregation? Would you wish him to preach the reverse of my text, "Glory to *ourselves*, to great lords, generals, and worldly potentates *in the highest*; ON EARTH WAR; ill will (*for any thing we care*) to all men, but our friends, our relations, our patrons, and party?"—No; Gentlemen, you would not. I know you better than to believe it for one moment. Animated with the spirit of Englishmen, which loves a frank, honest disposition, you must prefer one who would preach what he thinks *useful truth*, even at the point of the bayonet, and the mouth of the cannon. Gentlemen, I wish I could claim the honour of such ardour in the service—All I can claim is, a desire to do my duty in the pulpit with fidelity. I preached peace in the hearing of those who, it now appears, were prejudiced, at the time, in favour of *war*. For that very reason,

reason, it became me to do my duty with particular zeal:—I did it to the best of my power. I rejoice that I was enabled to do it so successfully, as to have excited their attention; even though it is accompanied with their displeasure. Prejudices obstruct the truth for a time; but they go off like clouds in an autumnal morning, when the sun rises in his glorious majesty. Eyes have some, but they will not see. Pride militates against persuasion. Pride says, “Who is it that speaks to *us* in a style “of authority?—Who is this that *dares* EX-
“HORT *us*?”—Pride said formerly of our Saviour, “Is not this the carpenter’s son?” Pride would have stoned him to death; and Pride did at last crucify him: But, when Pride had done its worst, the truths which a few proud men of his own time were offended at, TRIUMPHED OVER THE CIVILIZED WORLD;—the Cross became the glory of nations, and princes, and warriors; and the proud were forgotten or execrated. I do not despair, even now, notwithstanding I was compelled to quit the Theatre, but, as the world improves, in KNOWLEDGE, *war will be no more;* and, *perpetual and universal peace*, which I
so

so earnestly contended for, will be at length established. In my generation, Gentlemen, I will do all I can to accelerate the approach of that happy period. I rejoice, greatly, that I preached peace at Brighton. It is my duty to preach it every where, when called upon to preach at all; and, by God's grace, I will do my duty. I thank you for your opposition; it will greatly promote the cause. On that account,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged

TUNBRIDGE-TOWN,

KENT,

V. KNOX.

Nov. 29, 1793.

P. S. The next time you honour me with your correspondence, *venture*, if you wish for an answer, to sign your names to your epistle. It will be more manly than to sculk under that indefinite description of yourselves, "THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE."

P R E F A C E

TO THE

P U B L I C.

One MURDER makes a VILLAIN;
MILLIONS a HERO. *Princes* are privileged
To kill; and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will KINGS forget that they are MEN,
And MEN that they are BRETHREN? —
ARTIFICERS OF DEATH!!!

BLAST the design,
Great God of Hosts; nor let thy creatures fall,
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Dr. PORTEUS, Bishop of London.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

AT the ordination of every Priest, the following question is put to him, in the most solemn manner, by the BISHOP:

*“ Will you maintain and set forwards, as much
“ as lieth in you, QUIETNESS, PEACE, AND
“ LOVE AMONG ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE,
“ and specially among them that are, or shall
“ be, committed to your charge ? ”*

To which the following is the answer:

"I WILL DO SO, *the Lord being my helper.*"

I conceive then it is the duty of every clergyman, bound by this promise, to preach PEACE ON EARTH and GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN, as well in a time of war as at any other time; as well to a congregation of Christian people in the military profession, as to a congregation of Christian people in any other profession.

In the interest of no party, the advocate of humanity *, the friend of man, a lawfully ordained minister of Jesus Christ, I have on all occasions endeavoured to fulfil this solemn engagement, made at the time of ordination; and particularly in the last Autumn, when a

* The following specimens of HEATHEN sedition, which I adopt, are pretty safe from informers, being, to most of them, in an unknown tongue:

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

TER.

"—— Quis enim bonus, aut face dignus

"Arcanâ, qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos,

"Ulla aliena sibi credat mala? Separat hoc nos

"A grege brutorum."

JUV.

"—— Mollissima corda

"Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,

"Quæ lachrymas dedit, hæc nostri pars optima sensus."

JUV.

large

large and mixed congregation, at a place of public resort, was, on the morning of a Sunday in August, committed by the vicar to my charge.

The consequences of this endeavour are already known to many; but are circumstantially related in the following Narrative. I have long postponed, and now publish it with reluctance. The personal insult, unjustifiable as it was, should have been overlooked with *sovereign contempt*, as it deserved, if it had not been followed up by menaces and misrepresentation. A newspaper which is supposed to insert paragraphs under the sanction or with the connivance of *high authority*, expressed a hope that I should be told of my improper sermon "by my *diocesan*, in a way that would "make me an *example* to other PULPIT POLITICIANS." Whether the example was to operate on courtly preachers of *fast sermons*, in favour of *war* and ILL-WILL TO MEN, I know not. Another paper informed the Public, that I was seeking safety by flight to America; but that I should probably be stoppt in my course by the Attorney-General. Other prints, in the same service, generously undertook the task of throwing dirt upon an individual,

vidual, in the hope that, where much was thrown, some might stick; and that the *little irregularity* of the officers in desiring me "to leave the Theatre," for so it is candidly expressed in a newspaper now before me, might be absorbed in the atrocity of my sermon. Private letters and conversation were equally kind to my *anonymous* assailants, and bitter against ME, whom they mentioned by *name*.

I therefore at first drew up the minutes of the whole transaction, for the information of my family,—a part of whom were involved in the affront intended for me alone. A time might come (after I should be gone to a juster Tribunal than the military one at the Theatre) when my younger children might ask what I had done to cause the men of violence to rise up against me, to excite the hope of *true Britons* that I should be punished by my diocesan, to urge me to meditate a retreat to America, and to occasion the projected voyage to be prevented by the interference of the Attorney-General. This *memorial* would have gratified their curiosity, and, I hope, removed their anxiety. I had preserved a record for their satisfaction; and I sat down, in the midst of the arrows that were thrown from

unseen hands, perfectly contented. I had a **MURUS AHENEUS** to shelter me.

But my silence, which arose partly from contempt, and partly from a love of ease and peace, was misinterpreted. It was supposed, by the malignant, to imply a consciousness of having deserved the ill-treatment I had received. It was attributed to timidity. It was said to be the effect of a bribe. It was matter of astonishment to my friends, and exultation to my adversaries. The opportunity was seized for the dissemination of calumny. Malice, unmolested, stalked over the field in triumph. I was told, that the independent part of the Public expected an account authenticated by me; as they had been hitherto perplexed by recitals, apparently defective and clearly contradictory. I therefore determined to revise my notes; and I now present them to the Public, merely as the *record of a military outrage*, rendered important by their notice of it, by its mischievous tendency, and by its singularity.

Many years have I been in the habit of addressing my countrymen on the pleasant
 Subjects

subjects of taste and literature; and they have
 listened to me with a degree of favour, which
 is the more entitled to my gratitude, in pro-
 portion as it has been too little deserved. My
 whole life has been devoted to the cultivation
 of letters; and the fruits, such as they were,
 have been consecrated to the public service.
 There are living witnesses to prove that my
 efforts originated in no *sordid motive*. I sought
 no gain, but the esteem of the Public. In this
 object I have not been entirely unsuccessful,
 if I may judge from the long-continued and
 widely-diffused circulation of my imperfect
 endeavours. I now at last, and for the first-
 time, come before my fellow-citizens, in a
 cause in which I am *personally* concerned.
 I come not as a stranger to them. They have
 known me long, and they will indulge me
 with an impartial hearing, if it were only for
 my past honest, though feeble efforts in their
 service. I wish I were now to bring before
 them topics of general literature, or morals,
 or religion; such as have no connection with
 politics, or the bitterness of party spirit; but,
 in the wonderful vicissitudes of human affairs,
 it is my lot to appear as a culprit, accused by
 public

public report * of *sedition*. At the very sound of the charge, enemies unseen, unknown, unprovoked, are ready to overwhelm me if they dared, unheard, unprotected, undefended. Pains are taken to exasperate great and powerful bodies, even Government itself, against me. To whom can I have recourse but to the generous Public, against public misrepresentation? I am *compelled* to appeal to the people; because to them the misrepresentation has been made in daily newspapers. I appeal with confidence, supported by truth, a good cause, and a clear conscience.

In speaking of transactions in which I was principally concerned,

Et quorum pars magna fui,

I must of necessity speak in the *first person*, oftener than I approve; but egotism ceases to be a fault when it is unavoidable.

That I have always written freely, those who have done me the honour to read what I have written, will allow; and that I have

* It is the observation of an antient, that to credit *common report* is itself a species of calumny. CALUMNIAE GENUS EST RUMORI CREDERE.

recom-

recommended earnestly, peace, order, subordination, liberty, and loyalty, they cannot deny.

To write and speak freely is the duty of every clergyman. His office demands and justifies it. It requires no apology, but deserves praise. That VERITAS ODIO PARIT, or *truth makes a discourse offensive*, is an old observation; but they who, regardless of their interest, voluntarily incur the odium which arises from doing their duty, are not culpable. A preacher ought to maintain the *freedom and dignity of the pulpit*, no less tenaciously than military men contend for the honour of arms. "Pray for me," says St. Paul, *that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mysteries of the gospel, and that therein I may speak boldly, as I OUGHT TO SPEAK.*"

At Brighton church I did my duty, to the best of my power, with that boldness which the apostle approves, and which a good cause inspired. I retract not. I do not apologize. I rather thank God who gave me his grace to do my duty as I did; and I wish I had been

been enabled to have done it more effectually. The sword should then have returned to its scabbard, there to rust; no longer a brilliant ornament, but an ugly incumbrance, viewed with horror. *They should no more hurt nor destroy in all the holy mountain.* Every man should *enjoy* the being God gave him; nor lose it, except for MURDER, until he who gave, should take it away. The fiercest beast of the forest, that prowls for prey, does not shed the blood of its own kind. Serpents bite not serpents. Lions kill not lions. The tiger preserves perpetual peace with the tiger. Bears live in concord with bears. But MAN puts the IRON, given him for the purposes of agriculture and mechanics, on the ANVIL, and manufactures it into a SWORD, and DECORATES AS A TOY, an instrument purposely designed for the destruction of his fellow MAN, and of no other use*.

In

- “Serpentum major concordia; parcit
 “Cognatis maculis similis fera; quando leoni
 “Fortior eripuit vitam leo? quo nemore unquam
 “Expiravit aper majoris dentibus apri?
 “Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tigride PACEM
 “PERPETUAM; fœvis inter se convenit ursis,

d

“Aft

In the Proverbs of Solomon we read, that
 "THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE:"
 a snare, which may entangle a man in time-
 serving, in adulation, in the cowardly con-
 cealment of necessary truth, through a dread
 of impeding or retarding his own preferment,

"AST HOMINI FERRUM LETHALE incude nefanda

"Produxisse parum est." JUV. SAT. 15. Vers. 159.

Thus far a POOR HEATHEN; let a Christian preacher
 teach the same doctrine, and it becomes *wicked and sedi-*
tious, and renders him worthy of Borany Bay.

Horace is as wicked as Juvenal. I doubt whether both
 would not have been seditious enough to have refused to
 pray for success to fleets and armies, in the usual terms
 of *obsolete forms of prayer*, such as were used by our fore-
 fathers. Hear Horace.

"Quo quo, SCELESTI, ruitis? aut cur dexteris

"Aptantur enses conditi?

"Neque hic LUPIS mos, neque fuit Leonibus

"Unquam nisi in DISPAR genus." HOR.

More Heathen treason: "Nulla tam detestabilis pestis

"est, que non homini ab homine nascatur." CIO.

"Cætera animantia in suo genere probe degunt; congre-

"gari videmus, et stare contra dissimilia; leonum feritas

"inter se non dimicat. Serpentum morsus non perit

"Serpentes, nec maris quidem belluæ nisi in diversa

"genera sæviunt. AT HERCULE HOMINI PLURIMA EX

"HOMINE SUNT MALA." PLINIUS. PROEM. Lib. vii.

HOMO HOMINI LUPUS.

How the Christians make the Heathens blush!

or disturbing his own ease. I did not fall in-
to this snare. In the cause of God, and of
my fellow-creatures, I feared no man. Such
a cause is a better breast-plate than triple brass;
a more impregnable fortification than a *Vauban*
or a *Lenox* ever invented.

What I said on war, was as applicable to
the French, the Austrians, the Russians, the
Prussians; to the Indians that SCALP, and to
the Cannibals that EAT their enemies, as to
any other people in the universe. Oh wretched
degradation of human nature! In civilized
and Christian countries, it is found necessary
to hide the ugliness of war, (which goes naked
among savages,) by pomp, finery, and GLORY.
Ignorance is thus deluded. A great part of
mankind are still GROSSLY ignorant, think
little, and are fascinated with glitter. But
silence the noise, and take off the tinsel and
trapping, and the fascination is over. Divest
Bellona's sword of its *pretty sword-knot* and
its carved and gilt handle, and you blunt its
edge. Change even certain *names*, and ob-
serve the effect. For war, read havoc; for
conquest, read murder and devastation. Vol-
taire puts these words into the mouths of the
Quakers:

Quakers: " Our God, who has commanded
 " us to love our enemies, and to suffer with-
 " out repining, would certainly not permit us
 " to cross the seas, merely because murderers
 " clothed in scarlet, and wearing caps two
 " feet high, enlist citizens by a noise made
 " with two little sticks on a bit of dried
 " asses skin. And when, after a victory is
 " gained, the whole City of London is illu-
 " minated; when the sky is in a blaze with
 " fire-works, and a noise is heard in the air
 " of thanksgivings, of bells, of organs, and
 " of cannon, we groan in silence, and are
 " deeply affected with sadness of spirit, for the
 " sad havoc which is the occasion of these pub-
 " lic rejoicings." Now the Quakers are a
 plain people in their dress, but very *strewed*;
 they are not caught by GLITTER, as larks by
 looking-glasses.

There are beings with two legs and un-
 feathered, (but not in Christian countries,) who
 appear as if they would care not, provided
 they could retain their titles and sinecures, if
 the whole human race had but one neck, and
 lay under the axe of the Guillotine. How
 happy we, who are blessed with the *Chris-*
tian

tian religion, and prove our SINCERITY as Christians, by never entering on any wars, but when forced by *actual aggression*. *Defensive war* is certainly exempt from all the censure which falls on war wantonly and cruelly undertaken from pride and ambition. I always thought the *militia*, whose only business is defence, a most excellent institution, and its officers, in general, men of true patriotism. May I take the liberty of quoting what I said of them many years ago, in *Essays moral and literary*?

“ I cannot close this subject without applauding those generous and liberal men, who, when their country was threatened with an *INVASION*, forsook all the comforts of their homes, and without previous habits to enure them, submitted with alacrity to the inconveniences of a camp, and the unsettled life of a soldier. Their judicious and patriotic ardour evinces that they wear a sword for their COUNTRY’S GOOD *.”

I shall beg permission to transcribe another passage, which has also been written many years, on the military in general.

* Essay 19. Edition thirteenth.

“ Men

" Men in the military profession are not cul-
 " pable for the existence of war; a state which
 " they found established before they were
 " born, and which it is not in their power,
 " if it were their inclination, to alter. Their
 " profession has always been deemed one of
 " the most honourable. As things are con-
 " stituted, and as they have generally con-
 " ducted themselves, their claim to honour
 " may, I believe, remain undisputed. While
 " we lament that such an order of men should
 " have been found necessary, we may freely
 " bestow that praise, which the virtues of in-
 " dividuals engaged in it deserve.
 " Courage is obviously a prime requisite in
 " this profession. It has of course been culti-
 " vated, encouraged, and displayed by it in
 " high perfection. But courage, when it
 " does not arise from animal insensibility, is
 " connected with every generous virtue. The
 " soldier has, therefore, been distinguished
 " for openness, honour, truth, and liberality.
 " To the solid virtues, he has also added the
 " high polish of urbane and easy manners.
 " His various commerce with the busy world
 " has rubbed off those asperities, and extended
 " that

which

“ that narrowness, which too often adhere to
 “ the virtuous recluse. And perhaps it is
 “ difficult to exhibit human nature in a more
 “ amiable and honourable light, than it ap-
 “ pears in the accomplished soldier; in the
 “ soldier, fully prepared for his profession by
 “ a liberal education, and finished, through
 “ the favourable circumstances of it, by all
 “ those qualities which render men generous
 “ in principle, and agreeable in conversa-
 “ tion *.”

But though I am ready to honour, as I have
 ever publicly honoured, the military profession;
 yet I wish, in the scripture-language, that
 “ MEN MAY NOT LEARN WAR ANY MORE.”
 But, says an objector, there always were
 wars. It is granted. But because mankind
 have been unwise, are they never to relinquish
 their folly? Why should not human affairs,
 in this respect as well as others, admit of im-
 provement, by THE TOTAL ABOLITION OF
 WAR? Human affairs should always be in a
 progressive state. The old age of the world,

* Knox's Winter Evenings, page 295. octavo edition.

which

which is the present age, should correct the temerity of its youth; the enlightened state should rectify the errors of its past times of ignorance. Time was, when men did not believe the *existence of antipodes*; and when to have published an opinion of their existence, would have subjected the ingenious philosopher to the *inquisition*; and, perhaps, brought him to the *stake*. Time was, when men believed that the earth stood still, and that the sun and all the heavenly bodies rolled round it; and to have contradicted such an idea, would have been deemed damnable heresy. Time was, when people thought that Sir Isaac Newton's discoveries could never have been made. The time *still continues*, when men believe war to be necessary; though the very same men, at the same time, (in England at least,) allow, that the Christian religion is true, which forbids rancour, malice, revenge, and teaches forgiveness of INJURIES AND OF ENEMIES. The commandments are read in the churches of England by public authority; and one of them says, Thou shalt do no murder; yet a party shall surprize a few unarmed foreigners asleep in a village retreat, and put
them

them to death if there is danger of their giving alarm, and expect, and even receive rewards and applause. The Bible, read also by law in our churches, contains this edict, founded in justice and mercy: "WHOSO
 "SHEDDETH MAN'S BLOOD, BY MAN ALSO
 "SHALL HIS BLOOD BE SHED;" yet, he who coolly sheddeth the blood of thousands, shall be received with acclamations, illuminations, bonfires, explosion of cannons; and be considered as worthy of the richest rewards and the highest honours a CHRISTIAN NATION can confer. Prejudice is very obstinate, and ignorance with great difficulty convinced. Yet I must believe, that a NEWTON may hereafter appear in the political world; and *prove* that men may live happily, the short space allowed them, without employing the *best part of their lives*, the time of youth, health, and strength, in cutting off each other from the land of the living. Is not the world wide enough for us all? We put PIKE, and other fishes of prey, into our fish-ponds, to eat up the little fish, that the others may fatten and become *overgrown* for the tables of the rich and luxurious: But it is quite another thing
 e among

among *Christians*, who are taught to say, "OUR FATHER which art in heaven;" and who, consequently, are *all brethren*, and who cannot slay any of their species, unless in self defence, without being guilty of *fratricide*, an aggravated species of murder. "YE ARE BRETHREN," say the scriptures; "WHY DO YE WRONG ONE TO ANOTHER?"

GREAT GOD! the Father of us all, have mercy on mankind, though their transgressions have justly provoked thee, and grant, that none of thy children may lead their brethren to mutual destruction *. What, indeed, are these leaders? Are they not shepherds of their people †? Is it not the shepherd's business to guard all the sheep from the common enemy, the WOLF? Would a shepherd, a real, not a figurative shepherd, be justified in leading one flock to fight and destroy another, *even if they would*, when thou hast given herbage sufficient for them all? But supposing, for argument's sake, *that shepherd himself one of*

• Ολλυτας και ολλυμενους.

Πολλος διψημενος ψυχας αιδ. προειπεν.

HOM.

† Quid meruistis, oves? placidum pecus.

OVID.

the sheep, would not his conduct, in teaching them to anticipate the butcher, be still more culpable, because more unnatural? But what are these leaders? Do they not enter the world in the same helpless manner as the poorest of their train? Do they not leave it, after a brief continuance, in the same helpless manner? and shall the short miserable interval be spent in destroying life, and diffusing misery? They themselves are objects of greater pity, than those who *innocently bleed* under their guidance. Have mercy upon them all, O Father! and grant that PRIDE AND AMBITION may FALL at last, subdued by reason, and by the influence of Christian benevolence. Let us all remember we are *men*, pity human nature, alleviate its woes, and retain but one cause of amicable strife, the EMULATION TO DO THE MOST GOOD IN OUR TIME, AND TO PREVENT THE MOST EVIL.

Happy they, who, in this turbulent scene, are enabled to live in peace, and descend to the grave unstained with the blood of any fellow-creature! Behold a pale hand in a shroud, spotted with the blood of a brother! not one penitential tear to wash it out! O

earth, cover it! May neither my friends nor my enemies have to meet, in another world, those whom they have sent prematurely out of this, with all their imperfections on their heads. May they live in peace, die in charity, and be united in bliss, at a joyful resurrection. So much, surely, I may *wish* without the imputation of sedition.

With respect to the charge of sedition, I ask, I solicit the strictest scrutiny of my conduct, as a loyal citizen, as a preacher of peace, as a friend to order, law, and liberty. I hesitate not to add the word *liberty*, though by *some* * proscribed. If I were not a friend to liberty,

To account for some late POLITICAL PHENOMENA, no wonderful in a country whose CONSTITUTION IS FREE, and whose King was seated on the throne by the SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, it may not be improper to consider the observation of an able writer; "THERE MAY BE A FACTION FOR THE CROWN AS WELL AS AGAINST IT; AND CONSPIRACIES AGAINST FREEDOM AS WELL AS AGAINST PREROGATIVE."—"To shew the causes," says a remarker on this observation, "of this malignancy, it will be necessary to observe, that there is, in every society, a number of men to whom TYRANNY IS PROFITABLE; men devoid of every virtue and qualification requisite

liberty, as well as to law and order, I should indeed be a traitor; for liberty is the essence of the British Constitution.

To stifle useful truth by INTIMIDATION*, is an attempt as weak as it is wicked. It would

“ requisite to RISE IN A FREE STATE. The emoluments
 “ and favours they gain for SUPPORTING TYRANNY, are
 “ the only means by which they can OBTAIN THOSE DI-
 “ STINCTIONS which, in every EQUAL GOVERNMENT, are
 “ the rewards of PUBLIC SERVICE.”

* The severity assumed by some parts of the community towards other parts of it, is thus accounted for, by that very able and respectable clergyman, the Rev. CHRISTOPHER WYVILL, whose exertions of eloquence and virtue, in the cause of freedom, deserve his country's gratitude.

“ The establishment of a legislative assembly in France
 “ on equitable principles of representation; the exultation
 “ expressed by the people here, on the successful efforts
 “ which had been exerted to emancipate the French na-
 “ tion; and the apparent ease with which a transition
 “ might be made, in this country, from admiring their
 “ form of representation to *improving our own*; these
 “ united circumstances pushed the panic of a JEALOUS
 “ ARISTOCRACY to its present extremity.

“ From that moment their animosity no longer has
 “ known any bounds of JUSTICE, MODERATION, OR PRU-
 “ DENCE.

“ The

would be equally feasible to extinguish the light of the sun, by binding bandages over the eyes of men. Fire, sword, banishment, proscription, prosecution, strained even to persecution, have been often tried in attacking truth; but they have ultimately promoted the cause which they were intended to annihilate. Lop a tree, and, if the root is vigorous and the soil fertile, it will vegetate with redoubled luxuriance. It is one advantage, among a thousand, attending the conquests of reason, that they secure the regions which they subjugate. Brute force extends only to the body. The mind mocks its impotence. The FAULCHION, lifted up against PRINCIPLES, cuts the

The PEOPLE, and their just constitutional claims, have been the constant objects of their UNQUALIFIED SCORN AND DERISION, their unmitigated ABHORRENCE AND EXECRATION; and still, in each wild and moody change of temper, these alternate EXCESSES OF RAGE and RIDICULE*, of HORROR and CONTEMPT, have been but the varied expressions of their FEAR."

* Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Juv.

Witness "Sans Culottes," a phrase of contempt for the poor, (to whom Jesus Christ preached the gospel,) which has been translated into English, "the ragged multitude."

air,

air, which instantaneously coalesces; while he who aimed the blow falls to the ground, by his own ill-directed force.

Nothing but a BELLUM INTERNECINUM, a war which cuts off man, woman, and child from the face of the earth, can exterminate salutary truth, once made visible, by her own unextinguishable lustre, to a whole people. The object cannot be destroyed, though the eyes which see it may be put out with the sword's point. Violence produces fear and death, but not conviction. It may subdue, but cannot conciliate. Then *may violence cease from the earth*; and the mild arts of persuasion, reasoning, and argument, be the *only* means resorted to, unless when it is necessary to repel force by force, by all PEOPLE and RULERS in every part of the habitable globe. May the homage paid to grandeur be every where paid to virtue; the glory bestowed on warriors, reserved for the peace-makers; and the laurel become less honourable than the olive.

In this age of vicissitude, under every change of political, philosophical, or religious opinion, be it mine, as far as in me lies, to promote peace, to diffuse happiness, and to prevent

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vent or alleviate misery. These are my party-principles—these my politics—this my philosophy—and this, with piety to GOD, and allegiance to the PRINCE OF PEACE, my RELIGION.

A NAR-

A
NARRATIVE

OF

Transactions relative to a SERMON

Preached at *Brighton*, *August* 18, 1793.

THE contumelious language and insolent
behaviour of a few angry persons, who
thought proper to take offence at a Sermon
which I lately preached at Brighton, have hi-
therto been passed over in silence, because I
deemed them utterly unworthy my serious
animadversion. As far as I was personally con-
cerned, I despised them. I felt that superiority
which arises from observing a silly effort of
causeless malice, seeking its own poor gratifi-
cation, by force, by the infringement of law,
and the disturbance of order. Though injury
was certainly intended me, yet, at the time,
I suffered none; and I scorned either to com-
plain

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107

plain of the attempt, or to retaliate the malevolence.

But the Public has considered the outrage more seriously. To the Public it appears to afford an alarming precedent of military interference. It justly excites general uneasiness, when they who are bound by every obligation to preserve the peace, become its violators; and seek redress of supposed grievances, by arbitrary coercion, neglecting those laws which apply to every wrong a certain remedy. Nothing tends more directly to the ANARCHY we deplore. A military tribunal, to which even the pulpit is made amenable by force, is indeed a singular and truly alarming innovation in our excellent Constitution. The Public is naturally roused at the slightest appearance of military despotism, the worst of all others; and of that *unauthorized* violence, which has produced, in its progress, the most dreadful massacres on the other side of the Channel. To the Public, thus awakened by a dangerous example, I owe a faithful and minute Narrative of all the circumstances which have excited its solicitude.

The public attention calls loudly for my statement. Misrepresentation and calumny have taken advantage of my forbearance. The engines of venal malice have been employed, to hurl on me their envenomed weapons of abuse. Diurnal papers, notoriously under corrupt influence, have been commissioned to misrepresent my sermon and my principles, that the offence of those who endeavoured to punish me in a manner equally illegal and indecorous, might be supposed to admit of palliation. An unoffending individual was to be sacrificed, that a nameless body of his favoured assailants might escape censure. I owe to my friends and to myself a public representation of the whole affair, to obviate the effects of base calumny, which, though despicable in the eyes of those who know its origin, is yet diffused with industry, enforced by influence, and at length deceives the unwary.

I beg not to be misunderstood in the motives to this publication. I mean not to complain. I seek no redress; for I feel no evil. The feeble weapon aimed at me fell pointlessly to the ground, and I smiled at its imbecillity.

I wish only to leave on record a true account of a transaction, which, insignificant to myself at first, has derived importance from the continued attention of the Public to it, and from the indefatigable calumnies of agents, who, for the purposes of their paymasters, are mercenary enough to palliate any wrong done to a private individual.

I am sensible that a preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ, when he has performed his duty in the pulpit to the best of his power, and according to the dictates of his conscience, ought to bear with patience whatever ill usage may ensue. I know well, that he ought to practise, what he is bound to preach, the forgiveness of injuries. I am aware that he ought to stifle the feelings of resentment, and to return good for evil. But I am also convinced, that it is his duty to stop the progress of error, and to do himself and others justice, by a representation of real facts, neither distorted nor discoloured by guile.

It has indeed been my lot to have suffered ill-treatment from those who were bound by all the laws of honour to have afforded me, and those who accompanied me, protection
from

from UNMANLY insult. *The age of chivalry is past*; or the ladies of my family would not have participated in the punishment to which I was condemned, as an *ecclesiastic*, by a *military* sentence. Though I could not but feel some degree of indignation at those circumstances of the insult which involved defenceless females in it; yet I have endeavoured to subdue all emotions of revenge. I purposely abstained from animadverting on the affront intended me, till time co-operating with reason, should have effaced the first impressions, and softened anger into pity. I am divested of all vindictive sentiment, and proceed with perfect equanimity to my Narrative.

At the commencement of an anniversary vacation in the last Autumn, I hired a house in North Street, Brighton, and went thither, together with my family, in pursuit of health, by sea-bathing, and a salutary change of air and scene. A close attention to study, and to various business, had rendered such excursions, in seasons of leisure, highly useful, if not necessary. In this temporary residence at a place of public resort, I had no other object in view
but

but health. After I had been there a week or ten days, Mr. HUDSON, the vicar of the parish, with whom I had not then the pleasure of being in the least acquainted, sent me a note, expressing his desire that I would *gratify* his congregation, as he politely expressed himself, with a sermon on the morrow, which was Sunday the eleventh of August. I use his words, and appeal to him for the truth of the fact, it having been asserted in letters, in private companies, and at coffee-houses, that I solicited an opportunity to preach, in order to serve the purposes of a party. Short as the notice was, I did not refuse, especially as upon my shewing reluctance, some friends who were present at the receipt of the request, importuned me to comply.

On the Sunday I preached on the text, "*The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*"—Philipp. iv. 7.

As it has been said that I *obtruded* myself into the pulpit, and as I have been so singularly insulted and so grossly abused in public, I may be pardoned in mentioning in public, the very

very flattering manner in which this sermon was heard by a very large and very respectable congregation, in which were many of the military belonging to the Surrey regiment, quartered in Brighton. The utmost attention was paid to it. The military appeared to be particularly impressed, and highly satisfied. Expressions of approbation were heard, too emphatic for me to repeat. Mr. HUDSON, the vicar, who read prayers, came to my house, on purpose to thank me, in his own name, and that of his congregation. He mentioned the general satisfaction I had given; the many inquiries that had been made after my name by strangers; and expressed a hope, that I would preach once more, as he knew it was the wish of his parishioners. This, however, I declined at that time, and certainly had no intention to preach again at Brighton, though I had every reason to be pleased with my reception.

I hope I may be permitted to mention a few additional circumstances, tending to evince that it was the wish, not only of the vicar and parishioners, but of the company resorting to Brighton, that I should preach there

there again. On my going to the usual places of public resort, gentlemen highly respectable in appearance, whom I had never spoken to before, paid me the compliment of noticing me by salutation ; and several of them introduced themselves to me on the Stene, and at the bookseller's, in order to thank me for my sermon. One gentleman in particular, who told me his name is FOSTER, and who lives in Warwickshire, a perfect stranger, did me the honour to compliment me in a very remarkable manner, and to spend much time with me in various conversation. I have never seen him since I left Brighton, nor have had any communication with him ; but I doubt not that he will do me the justice to acknowledge that he expressed the highest approbation, and added, that he had heard many do the same. I met upon the Stene, on the Monday morning, Captain MITFORD of Upper Charlotte Street, London, who told me that he had heard with great pleasure the singular applause bestowed on my sermon preached the day before, and lamented his own absence. These gentlemen, of whose integrity I have the highest opinion, will bear ample testimony to the truth

truth of this part of my statement, and prove that I did not preach at Brighton against the will of the hearers, as malicious reporters have falsely, yet confidently, asserted.

I must regret, as circumstances have happened, that I did not make myself acquainted with the names of all the strangers, who honoured me with particular notice, in consequence of my sermon. They would all have confirmed my contradiction of a malicious report, that my *first* sermon at Brighton gave offence, and that I preached a second time officiously, against the wishes of the vicar and people, and at my own solicitation. To the vicar, and to the numerous inhabitants of Brighton, I make my appeal with confidence.

I proceed to mention how it happened that I was persuaded to preach on the following Sunday, after having declined it. On the birth-day of the PRINCE OF WALES, I was present at the ball, and partook of the supper given at the Castle in honour of him. I there also experienced a marked civility, from persons who could know me only from the sermon which had been so favourably received on the Sunday. I met Mr. HUDSON there.

He shewed great kindness, continued in my company nearly the whole of the evening, and in the course of it, renewed his request, that as his parishioners very much wished it, I would give him another sermon on the following Sunday. My reply was as follows:

“ I come here for recreation, after the fatigues of my daily avocations and of my own parish church, and I do not wish to be interrupted by exertions of this kind, especially as I find my last sermon has excited so general an attention, and probably raised expectation too high. You mention the praises I have received; but I will not preach for the sake of praise. If you say it will serve you, if you wish to be absent, or if it is any relief to you, I will endeavour to prepare a sermon in the midst of the interruptions of this place, and will preach next Sunday, though I sincerely wish to decline it.” He continued his request, and I complied; little thinking how great a disturbance was to be the result.

I had no sermon with me which was suited entirely to the occasion. I had frequent visitors at my house, and was engaged to go out on family-parties for several days. How-

ever, I wrote the *offensive* sermon in short intervals, frequently interrupted. My enemies have said that I came prepared to Brighton, a missionary of sedition, an incendiary with my ammunition in my pocket, a preacher of premeditated treason, an emissary employed to cause mutiny in the army, and revolution in the empire. Such malice can only provoke a smile. Several friends saw me writing my sermon, and many can attest on oath, that I never sought an occasion of preaching at all at Brighton, as well as that I never preached sedition, treason, or any thing but what was at once conducive to public order and peace, and to private happiness, comfort, and security.

I chose for my subject, "*The prospect of perpetual and universal peace to be established on the principles of Christian philanthropy.*" My text was, *Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will towards men.*

I was led to the choice of this subject from observing the EXTREME BITTERNESS expressed, even in gay and good-humoured companies, against a great part of our fellow-creatures; from the almost daily accounts in

the newspapers of slaughtered thousands, and the eagerness with which war had been adopted by all the nations concerned, when NEGOTIATION might have effected every desirable purpose, without expence, and without CARNAGE.

The following expressions, which were uttered loudly in my hearing, and apparently intended for my ear, on the Sunday evening on the Stene, after my second sermon, seem to prove that a recommendation of *good-will towards men* was not ill-timed. "My prayer," said an unknown gentleman in uniform, "my prayer to God is, that the war with France may be a long, a bloody—nay, an everlasting war." A similar INVETERACY I had often observed in conversation of mixed companies; and I had read something approaching to it, in *fast sermons* of recent date. I really thought, therefore, that a spirit so unphilosophical, so unchristian, so inhuman, ought to be checked, if possible, in the pulpit, by those who were enlisted soldiers under the PRINCE OF PEACE. The temper of the people seemed to be soured by national animosity, artfully inspired by delusive publications; and a savageness

vagueness of sentiment began to prevail, productive of barbarism and barbarity. Persons wholly ignorant of public affairs, and incapable of judging of them, had been taught of late to express themselves with a CRUELTY against the public enemy, disgraceful to the British character, and such as, if farther encouraged by inflammatory treatises, may produce a conduct at home, in future circumstances, fatal to internal peace and personal safety. It must ever be dangerous to cherish CRUEL passions in the populace. He is a wretched politician, who, for temporary purposes, encourages sentiments in the common people inconsistent with their religion, and with humanity. Such being my opinion, I was confident I could not render greater service, in the little space allotted to a discourse from the pulpit, than in preaching universal philanthropy, and the duty of seeking peace with all human kind, by every possible mode of fair negotiation. These were the reasons which induced me to chuse the subject of *peace and good-will towards men*. The time and the place naturally suggested the idea. Such subjects, I am sure, are proper at all times,

times, and in all places; but there appeared to me a peculiar propriety in bringing them forward at the time I was desired to preach, and at Brighton. It was a time, when every news-paper teemed with accounts of dreadful slaughter. It was a place, at which the subject of peace and war was peculiarly interesting, because an army of many thousand men was encamped in its vicinity, and the whole neighbouring country had assumed a warlike appearance. The church is a place at all times adapted to the doctrines of peace and benevolence. Had I even gone to the camp, and discoursed, as a *chaplain*, on the same topic, it could not have been out of place. But every one who came to the *church*, knew that he *must* hear peace, charity, good-will, forgiveness of enemies recommended, in hearing the lessons from the gospel. If my sermon was deemed ill-placed in recommending universal peace and universal good-will in Brighton *church*, what will men, who judge so, say of the gospel read there? what of the national liturgy, established by law as firmly as the national militia?

But I digress too long from my Narrative. On

On the Sunday appointed, I went, accompanied by a friend and all my family, to the church, and preached that sermon which gave displeasure to a *very few military men*, who, I am willing to believe, totally misapprehended its tendency. I was heard in silence, and, if I can judge, with great attention. I was not conscious that any part of the congregation was offended, nor did I surmise it till after the following incident. On going out of the church, a lady, a perfect stranger, accosted me and said, "I thank you for your sermon. I could have sat hours to have heard such with pleasure. But excuse me—I must tell you, that from what I have observed in the pews, among a certain description of persons, you have offended those, who, I fear, have as little relish for the doctrine of forgiveness as they seem to have of peace. Many, like myself, are highly pleased with every part of your discourse; but there are those who are angry indeed!" My family, who stood around me, heard her observations, and were greatly alarmed. I was not in the least *alarmed*, though certainly concerned, to find that I had been misapprehended. Con-

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scious of having meant nothing but what was humane, beneficent, and truly Christian, in all which I had delivered, I feared no ill. Having done no wrong, nor intended any thing but good, I felt a serene complacency, notwithstanding the alarm given by this unknown lady, in a tone of voice, and with a look and manner expressive of apprehensions for my safety. I met with no molestation in the church. I walked slowly through the church-yard. Nothing but respect was shown me. I returned with my family to my house with peculiar cheerfulness, flowing from a faithful discharge of my duty, and the consequent esteem of the parishioners, which, I believe, I possessed.

I had friends to dine with me on that day, and the church-service in the afternoon began rather early. Under these circumstances I might have been absent without blame. But I rose from my table, acquainting my company, that as I understood the officers, who were at church in the morning, were offended at me, I would certainly *walk* to church, in the hope of meeting some of them, and hearing what had given them offence, and of coming

coming immediately, before misrepresentation could take place, to a full and amicable explanation. I wished earnestly to meet the angry parties, that we might converse together, that I might acknowledge my fault, if I had been in the wrong, and remove their mistake if they thought *me* so, undeservedly. I had no resentments; I only wished for reconciliation. I went therefore unaccompanied by my friends; for I sought no protection: I met not a single officer. After hearing Mr. Mossop preach, I returned to my family to drink tea. In the evening I proposed walking on the Stene, still hoping to meet my offended hearers in the military profession: many officers were there, but I did not recognize any of those who were at the church.—No insult was offered me; for I can hardly suppose that the speech above-mentioned, expressing a wish for a long, a bloody, nay an everlasting war, could be intended as an insult to *me*, though it was repeated close to my ear, in a voice raised above the common pitch, and with peculiar emphasis. My sermon was talked of frequently in my hearing, but not with disapprobation. I was pointed out as the preacher rather particularly indeed, but not
D rudely.

rudely. I perceived a large party of the military assembled at the castle, who were dining in a room which looked immediately on the Stene; and I passed them unavoidably. I met with no insult on this public and crowded walk, though I purposely remained there till it was dark, and all the company began to retire. The inhabitants of Brighton, and the parishioners in general, behaved with their usual civility; not the least degree of rudeness did I on this occasion, or at any time, experience from them, or from any of the company resorting to that place, unconnected with the offended FEW, in the military line.

On my return home, a letter was brought to me, of which the following is a copy:

“ A stranger presents his compliments and
 “ sincere homage of thanks to Dr. KNOX, for
 “ his most excellent Sermon preached this
 “ morning, and earnestly requests him to
 “ publish it, as a means to promote the in-
 “ terests of humanity, and procure that great
 “ desideratum, “ Peace on Earth.”

“ The ardour of Christian philanthropy it
 “ breathes should be diffused throughout the
 “ world, which is the object of this applica-
 “ tion,

“ tion. The writer wishes to distribute a
 “ number of copies in a distant county. A
 “ dissemination of such enlightening and
 “ convincing knowledge is only wanting to
 “ stop the effusion of human blood; for
 “ when mankind are well awakened, they
 “ will not permit the dignified human but-
 “ chers, the insolent, unfeeling traffickers in
 “ blood, to lead them to destruction.

“ *Sunday, Aug. 18.*”

This anonymous letter, the honest effu-
 sion of philanthropy, I insert in this place,
 as it forms a part of my narrative. I
 have no suspicion whence it came. The
 servant, who delivered it at the door, went
 away in great haste. Several friends were
 present when the letter came, and read it as
 soon as it was opened.

I beg leave to mention in this place, that
 from the pulpit, where I must have had a
 pretty good view of the whole church, I saw
 very few officers; and of those few, I knew
 not one even by name: I thought there were
 not a dozen. Of common soldiers the num-
 ber was also inconsiderable; I think there

were scarcely twenty, and these were not of the camp, but of the Surry militia quartered in the town. There were indeed more of the same regiment in the porch or in the church-yard; but too remote from the pulpit to hear a syllable of sedition, if there had been any to hear. I mention the paucity of officers and privates for the following reason: the Public has been taught by mistaken prints to believe, that I was guilty of preaching peace and good-will before the *whole camp*, that the aisle was crowded with soldiers, and that all the officers of the camp attended. I appeal to the parishioners present, whether the number of military men, privates and officers included, was greater than I have conjectured. My sermon was not exclusively calculated for a congregation of persons in any particular profession. There was not a word addressed by an *apostrophe*, as I have heard it asserted, to the officers. I had no reason to suppose that any military men, but those of the Surry militia quartered at Brighton, would be at the church. I thought, and I believe it was so, that divine service was performed by the chaplains in the camp, and that the *soldiers of the* camp

camp would not be permitted to straggle to the town or the church, on a Sunday, during divine service. The Public has been much deceived in the exaggerated accounts of my preaching to the *whole army*; but had the whole army been at the church, had it been allowed or been possible, I am certain they would have heard nothing from me, but what was authorized by the gospel, enforced by the law of men as well as of God, tending to promote their happiness in all events, and animating them to the discharge of every duty, on principles of humanity and Christianity. I expressly asserted, while I was deploring the calamities of war, that the conductors of war were often men of SINGULAR HUMANITY AND HONOUR. I expressly commended the beautiful gradation of ranks in society. I enforced good order; I deprecated anarchy as much as despotism.

I have already related the transactions of the Sunday. On Monday I went to the Downs, where the whole army was assembled. The beauty of the day attracted thither my friend, and my family. I hoped also to meet those whom I had offended,
that

that they might bring their charge against me face to face; and that I might explain what was misunderstood, or make a frank acknowledgment, if any thing could be made appear on my part truly reprehensible. I hoped the explanation on both sides would be liberal, candid, and gentlemanlike. I cared not how many were present at it. Truth loves the light. I would not be protected by my company, or concealed in my carriage. I walked alone a great part of near four hours on the ground, amidst thousands; the rest I spent with my visitor, with my family, and the family of my friend, Mr. BRIDGER of Buckingham-house, Shoreham. The military were indeed engaged in their evolutions; but they frequently passed me nearly, and might have spoken to me. The company of spectators was very numerous, and much of it connected with the army. My sermon, I have been since told, was a frequent topic of conversation on the ground, and I was pointed out as the preacher of it; but no insult was offered, and no personal application made to me. In the evening I went, as usual, to the Stene, and the booksellers shops on the Stene, and

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and met with nothing in either place, though crowded, but friendship and civility.

The morning of Tuesday was spent on the Stene, and in other places near Brighton. Even now I avoided not meeting those who, I had been recently told, were heard to *threaten* me severely, behind my back, on the preceding day. I preferred meeting them, and hearing the worst they could say, to SECRET CALUMNY; which, as it could not be encountered, could not be repelled. This fiend was busily at work, inflaming many against me who had never seen or heard me. Every one knows how things are unintentionally exaggerated when they become topics of conversation in the convivial hour, and when an emulation prevails of making a display of spirit or ingenuity. Saucer-eyed phantoms of Sedition began to flit before disturbed imaginations. Old women, dreaming of *chimeras dire*, stimulated their husbands to buckle on the helmet and the shield, and take the spear, and go forth against the giant Sedition, which appeared to their old eyes in the form of a windmill.

The important hour at length approached. The anger of my enemies was nothing indeed

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in duration to the wrath of Achilles; but yet it appears to have been of a durable nature. The offence of Sunday morning was to be revenged on Tuesday evening. My friend, who was to return to London on the next day, proposed that some of my family and myself should accompany him to the Theatre. I had no desire to go; but as I had determined to decline no opportunity of meeting those who, now, it seems, expressed themselves with great RANCOUR against me, I consented immediately. Accordingly Mrs. Knox, my eldest son (a boy of fourteen years), and my daughter (a year or two younger), set out with my friend for the Theatre. As we walked up North-street, several persons stopped and spoke to each other, in the hearing of myself and family, in terms of the highest approbation of the last Sunday's sermon. Near the door of the Theatre, MAJOR TORRINE and a young Lieutenant of the East Middlesex overtook me: they were not going to the Theatre; but they accompanied me a little way, and behaved with great politeness; the Major inviting me to visit him in the camp, and expressing his concern that he had not seen me there before. They might not perhaps
have

have heard of my offence; but, whether they had or not, it is certain that their behaviour was, as usual, friendly and gentleman-like. I have been since informed by a gentleman, who had opportunities of conversing in the camp, that, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of my sermon, a great part of the most respectable officers were far from expressing displeasure at its doctrine.

On entering the Theatre, Mr. Thomas, the boxkeeper, accosted me by name, though I thought I was unknown to him; shewed uncommon attention, and begged leave to seat us all in a good place of his own choice. This place was the right hand side-box, next to the stage-box.

Soon after the curtain drew up, a few officers entered the stage-box on the opposite side of the Theatre. They had not been there five minutes, before their whole attention seemed fixed on the box where my family, my friend, and myself were seated. They looked frequently at me, and then talked to each other with great apparent earnestness. Other officers, and several elderly ladies, soon appeared in the same box; they also looked at us in a pointed

pointed manner, and then seemed to deliberate*. Their attention appeared to be engrossed by the consultation, and they seldom turned to the players on the stage. There were several other officers interspersed in other boxes. Messages were sent to some of them, and they removed into the stage-box. A man who sat in the same box, and on the same seat with me, was sent for, and I saw him taking his seat opposite to me. They frequently went to each other, and appeared extremely busy and anxious in concerting the plan of operations. This continued during the whole of the play. My children observed it, and told me that they suspected some insult. I disregarded their suggestions, and sat with perfect composure. Between the play and the entertainment, the following Note, directed to me, was first handed from behind us, to Mrs. Knox, who gave it to me. My son had seen one of the officers writing; and there is no doubt but he was composing this Note, sent without a name, and couched in terms of caution and subtlety. I must call it a *discreet Note*; and as discretion is allowed to be the better part of courage, I must add

2 *Aliquid jamdudum invadere magnum!*

VIRG.
another

another epithet, and contend that it is a courageous Note.

Copy of the MANDATE of Expulsion, dispatched by a Confederacy of unknown Persons, styling themselves in the said Mandate, THE GENTLEMEN OF THIS THEATRE. Superscribed on the back, Dr. KNOX.

"YOUR DISCOURSE LAST SUNDAY WAS
"SO OFFENSIVE, THAT THE GENTLE-
"MEN OF THIS THEATRE DESIRE YOU
"WILL QUIT IT IMMEDIATELY."

It is so laconic that it might be taken for the production of a Spartan Republican, if it were not at the same time so authoritative as to resemble the edict of a German Despot. It is written with a pencil on a scrap of torn paper. I intend to preserve it, that it may supply documents to future historians, and hope to have interest enough to get it deposited in the archives of the Tower.

I read the order, and gave it to Mrs. Knox. Immediately I rose, and addressing myself to the opposite boxes, which, however, were now nearly empty, *the military having accompanied their dispatch*, requested to know

who

who had sent me this impertinent Paper
 without a name. The messenger, whoever
 he was, had disappeared. I turned back to
 look for him, and beheld a phalanx of mili-
 tary men, who had come round, and were
 drawn up behind me at the door of my box,
 and in the Lobby, through which I must pass
 in my retreat. While I was asking for the
 messenger, a clamour began, and finding the
 passage closed by the very persons who had
 ordered me to withdraw *immediately*, I stepped
 a little forward, and endeavoured to say to
 the Theatre, which was not half filled, "Ladies
 "and gentlemen, I have this moment received
 "an extraordinary Paper, neither signed nor
 "dated, containing a requisition that I should
 "quit the Theatre immediately, on account of
 "the sermon which I preached last Sunday
 "morning in your parish church. I beg par-
 "don for interrupting you, but under these
 "circumstances, and surrounded, as you see
 "I am, I humbly intreat the permission of
 "the House, to ask aloud who sent me this
 "Note, and by what authority I am bound to
 "obey it, in this place of public entertainment;
 "when my family and myself have entitled
 "ourselves

" ourselves to unmolested seats, by paying the
 " price demanded at the door. We have inter-
 " rupted nobody. Will you authorize the ar-
 " bitrary expulsion of us all? for my family and
 " friend will certainly follow me. I beg leave,
 " besieged as you see me by a considerable
 " number of men behind me, who are at this
 " moment expressing their anger by opprobri-
 " ous names, to enter into a short explanation
 " with them, to ask the particulars of my
 " offence in *your presence*, and to declare, that
 " if any thing advanced in my sermon gave
 " personal offence, it was unintentional, and
 " that I am concerned at it. If any of these
 " gentlemen will prove to your satisfaction that
 " he is justly offended, I will immediately beg
 " his pardon. I beg *your* pardon, who are to-
 " tally unconcerned in this attack, for this sin-
 " gular interruption, which I trust I shall ob-
 " tain from you, as men and Englishmen;
 " when you have before your eyes a defenceless
 " individual, in a situation so singular, as will,
 " I hope, justify my present address to you."

It was impossible to be heard distinctly. I
 could not find an interval of silence to utter
 half of the above, which I had conceived in
 my

my mind and wished to deliver. The clamour of the persons in uniforms behind me was loud and incessant. I heard myself called, in the first instance, a *democratical scoundrel that deserved to be hanged*. "A Democrat, a Democrat, a d——d Democrat. Out with the Democrat—no Democrats." Scoundrel and rascal were titles lavishly bestowed. It is needless to repeat the silly oaths and unmeaning expletives which served those, who were too much enraged to be able to say any thing else, to add to the noise and drown my voice. I particularly remember hearing one man say, "No speech—that won't do—he ought to be hanged—out with him:" and another call repeatedly for PERSONAL VIOLENCE to be inflicted upon me before I should be suffered to depart. A grim and gaunt figure exclaimed, "IRONS—IRONS, here; he ought to be put in IRONS directly." I found it was impossible to be heard by the House at large, who could not know the cause of the disturbance. I thought my perseverance might create a riot. I said, therefore, to my terrified family, "I will go, for the sake of peace. Fear not, they will not

"not hurt WOMEN AND CHILDREN I feel
 "no anxiety for my own safety. There is no
 "opposing so great a superiority of num-
 "bers. I hope for an explanation."

I entered the Lobby, and had a right to expect that the *passage would be clear*, and that I should be allowed to retire, as I was ordered, without molestation. But I found the narrow Lobby crowded by persons in regimentals, many of whom, as I passed, continued to use the same language which I had heard behind me, while in the House. No one, however, offered any *personal violence*, though ONE fellow, not *in an uniform*, (to the honour of the army,) continued to call loudly and repeatedly for it. He did not think proper to approach me; for what reasons I know not. Probably for prudential ones; and discretion, it has already been observed, is a valuable ingredient in the composition of valour. He was *vox et preterea NIL*. He did not begin to bray, till the whole body of veterans stood around him. Conscious safety fired his TONGUE.

When I had arrived—*per tot discrimina rerum*—at the opposite side of the House, I entered a box, and again attempted to speak

to the very few quiet people in the Theatre, who constituted the whole of the audience, except my pursuers, and were, I think, friendly. They knew little of what was passing in the Lobby. They perhaps surmised that some French emissary or spy had been discovered, and was taken into lawful custody by the *defenders of our country*. I addressed them, and they would have heard me with attention. A few of them recognized me, and cried *Silence*; but the noise of my assailants continued. It was insisted that I should not speak to the people. "Go," said one who came up to me *much out of breath*, "go directly—go you must:" while from behind resounded the cry, "Out with him—a Democrat, a Democrat, a Democrat—*da capo*—a Democrat.—No Democrat, a d——d Democrat." I wonder, in their patriotic zeal, they did not exclaim, *No people! no people! no people for ever.*

I now began to withdraw from the house; for the Poet says,

—Parere necesse est—

Nam quid agas? cum te furiosus cogat, et idem

"*ARMATUS.*"

But I was determined, at all events, to find Mrs. Knox and the children, who had been separated from me in the Lobby. On turning back, I saw Mrs. Knox in tears very near me, but without my daughter, and in great distress. I then requested, and insisted, that I might be permitted by the rushing phalanx to attend Mrs. Knox, and fetch both my son and daughter. While I was contending for this indulgence, and received no other answer than, "Go—go directly—go you must and shall, by God," my family and friend came up to me. The generous victors shewed clemency at last, and suffered us, children and all, on our surrender, to march out unmolested. It is said, they returned immediately to their post in the stage-box; and that *loyal tunes* were played by the band in celebration of the triumph, by way of *Te Deum*, or, "*The horse is thrown and his rider,*" or some similar EPINIKION, sung while Princes were dragged at their chariot-wheels, in honour of the rivals of my assailants, the conquerors of antiquity.

On inquiring of Mrs. Knox what passed in the Lobby, while she and the children were separated from me, she informed me, that a

tall officer, on her turning back to see for her daughter, pushed her violently by the shoulder, and bid her *go along after her husband and be d—d*. Another, who probably saw and was ashamed of this behaviour, and to whom I am really obliged for this tenderness, small as it was, to a woman in her situation, did say to Mrs. Knox, "No personal violence shall be used; he should not have come among us." Another, nodding his terrific plumes, exclaimed, "It is well his wife and children are with him, or else—" here he used a fine *apostrophe*. A student in rhetoric might indeed, on this occasion, have learned the use of many fine figures of speech; but he may succeed equally well in the antient and celebrated school of Billingsgate. Mrs. KNOX, who was really anxious for my safety, not having perhaps remarked that barking dogs do not always bite, used all her eloquence in expostulation, and in supplicating by the silent language of tears for clemency. But she was *hurried* along, and her gown and other parts of her dress *accidentally* torn in pieces. She has preserved them as TROPHIES in their lacerated state. Thus the only *personal violence* (which

(which the *Knight of the terrible tongue* called for) was exercised on a defenceless female, weeping for her husband, and intreating to be permitted to return and conduct her daughter in safety, who had been forced in the crowd from the protection of both father and mother. Temporary rage got the better, not only of military politeness, and the unmeaning forms of decorum, but of common humanity*.

My son, who was also separated from us in the Lobby, informed me that he ventured to say loudly, in an honest zeal for his father, "What are you doing? is this fair? so many against one! Fie upon you!—near twenty against one, O for shame!" Upon this a tall officer, whether the same who assaulted his mother or not he does not know, shook him violently, saying at the same time, "Who are you, you dog? you ought to be hanged, as well as your father, if it is your father; and all such as hold his democratical principles, you dog you!"

To my *very young daughter*, who was left behind us all; who, from a peculiar

Vicit amor Patricæ, laudumque immensa Cupido.

VIRG.

tenderness of disposition, was particularly distressed, and whom my friend was leading along with great difficulty, no other consolation was offered by MEN, who probably were themselves FATHERS, than a rough address, "Don't fret—what do you fret for?"—A little kindness to my daughter in such distress, would have taught me to forget my own ill-usage in my gratitude. But we were a family of *Democrats*, I suppose; and it was PURE PATRIOTISM that taught the defenders of our peace and liberties to treat us ALL with indiscriminate indignity, to forget, in their COUNTRY'S cause, what was due to themselves, due to me and mine, and due to PUBLIC ORDER.

The world has been told, that they were a parcel of *drunken* boys who committed this outrage. There were some young men among them; but the RING-LEADERS, and the brawlers, were, if I may judge from appearance, *veterans* in age if not in service, and of some rank, if I may believe report, in their profession. They did it in SOBER sadness.

One circumstance I must beg leave to point out as particularly worthy of notice.—Of the assailants in the Theatre, *very few* (I believe)

lieve) were my *bearers in the church*: so that the rest were probably influenced by the false representations of gossips, and the dreams of old ladies, to which I have above attributed some of the ill-grounded alarm and offence. Whether any thing which they *thought* glanced at the *finery* of their old beaux, hurt the pride of the elderly gentlewomen, I cannot ascertain: but their instigations seemed to have considerable effect in stimulating the *corps*, who came into action *in the straits of the Lobby*, to the most valorous exertion.

After the defeat, our little family party walked home, arm in arm, with our good friend, to our house in North-street. In the terrified condition of the ladies, a carriage and the attendance of a servant were desirable; but we were not suffered to wait for them. None of those polite gentlemen expressed any concern, lest the ladies, heated by the crowd in the Lobby, should catch cold; or offered to send for our accommodations from home. True politeness, that politeness which arises from a polished understanding and an humane and good heart, would have shewn some solicitude about *ladies*, thus singularly frightened,

ened, who could not possibly be involved in the atrocious guilt of my horrible democratical discourse. But no—the tall officer had said, “Go along after your husband, and be d—d;” and perhaps humanity or common civility from any of the shorter officers, after that order, might have been construed *mutiny*.

As we passed along the street musing on the *Agreeable Surprise* (the drama we went to see), a gentleman, who purposely followed us from the Theatre, came up to me in North-street; and after expressing his indignation at what he termed, in the warmth of first impressions, the *cowardly* treatment we had received, offered to be a witness, if I chose to indict the assailants for a breach of the peace. I knew him not. He appeared to be a gentleman, a man of sense, and was of a *liberal profession*. I thanked him very sincerely; and told him, what was strictly true, that I did not know the name of any of the persons in uniform who had caused the outrage; and that it was too soon at present to come to any determination. He gave me his address, and left me politely; with an assurance that, if called upon, he should come forward with zeal, in
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the cause of truth and justice, to bear witness against such unmerited insult, injury, and oppression. He felt hurt, as a man, for the ill-usage of me and my family; and, as a Briton, for violated law and liberty. He told me he had been in the camp; and I was mistaken if I thought that ALL the officers disapproved my sermon, or would justify the insult that had been offered this night, to punish me for the zeal it displayed in promoting the happiness of human nature. As he was much in the camp, and did not wish to be personally embroiled in disputes, he desired his name might not be mentioned, unless I should determine to prosecute. He is still ready to come forward and give his testimony in a court of justice.

On the day following, that is, on Wednesday the 21st of August, I had resided at Brighton just four weeks, the term for which I had hired my house of Mr. Grantham of Lewes. My friend was to leave the town on the morrow. It was therefore determined that I should accompany him, and hasten with all my baggage-waggons of sedition and treason, to London. I know not whether the Tower was fortified with additional works on
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my intention being discovered; but to London I went, and Brighton, I suppose, felt itself relieved; like Rome when it had vomited out CATILINE.

At London I had the happiness of meeting many sensible and respectable friends, whose zeal in the present posture of my affairs evinced their sincerity. Their friendship seemed to increase from the indignation they felt at the unmerited treatment I had received. They urged me to publish my sermon; assuring me it would redound to my honour, confute my adversaries, and promote the glorious cause of peace and humanity. Letters of encouragement, and even congratulation, arrived from various quarters, from strangers of the first abilities, who signed their names; and from others who chose to remain in concealment, in times, as they expressed it, like these.

The affair at first could be known only to a few. I had not been in London above two days, before it was stated, with some inaccuracies, but yet upon the whole with much truth, in several of the newspapers which dared to relate it. It was some time before

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the ministerial papers were ordered to open their masked batteries of abuse.

A *Lewes* paper, published on the twenty-sixth of August, was shewn me; in which was a very incoherent account of my sermon, with strange and flighty observations upon it. My sentiments and language were misrepresented; but, I believe, without any hostile intention, and solely from errors of memory and judgment. In the midst of a very injurious and mistaken report of my sermon, praises were introduced, which I must consider as hyperbolical. It asserted, that *I spoke with a flow of eloquence scarcely to be equalled!* at the extravagance of which eulogium, I will join in a hearty laugh with my enemies and detractors. This account was in itself worthy of little attention; and derived its importance from its immediate diffusion throughout the neighbouring camp at Brighton, and the subsequent copying of its errors into the London papers. Garbled paragraphs, the most unfavourable and the most untrue, were printed from it, as authentic intelligence from Brighton, in one or two venal publications: All praise was omitted; abuse of the most virulent kind succeeded. I was not indeed surprised at

the offence taken at the nonsense and vulgarity which was put into my mouth. From this time it became fashionable, among a certain description of persons, to fill private letters, and embellish conversation, with every calumny and falsehood which could irritate their own party against me, and soften, in the minds of the Public, the improper conduct of the avengers at the Theatre. I have laughed very heartily at the representations which were communicated, in the circles of fashion, to a family of high rank, and intimately connected with the court, concerning the style and contents of my sermon. They told me what they had heard, with great good humour. I ought to have lost their friendship, if what they had heard had been true; but they knew me too well to believe it. I will mention one or two particulars, which they said were generally circulated in that high sphere.—I had described minutely the Prince of Wales's tent; and I had said to the officers, "Pull off your fine cloaths, and then let us see what you are." I appeal to the bitterest of my enemies present at the sermon, whether there is the least degree of truth in these ridiculous accounts. It were endless to enumerate the
filly

silly things of this kind which were fathered upon me in conversation. The absurdest, yet most malicious, was, that I said to the whole *body of privates of the whole camp*, assembled in the church, "You fools you, why do you obey your commanders, who are only a parcel of knaves and sycophants?" All who know me will do me the justice to assert, that I am incapable of such vulgar language in a pulpit, and that I never uttered or entertained sentiments so absurd and so mischievous. All who heard me will, I am confident, reprobate falsehood so contemptible, so malevolent, so unjust. Before God and man, in the most solemn manner, I affirm that no such doctrine was inculcated by me or my sermon, or any where else, either in these words or any other, directly or indirectly. The truth is, that in a very large congregation there were many who perhaps little attended or little understood the scope of the sermon; but when it became the subject of general conversation, all who were there, were willing to retail a little to those who were not there. What they understood, or remembered imperfectly, they supplied, merely for something to say, by invention. They were unwilling to appear unable

to satisfy inquirers. The most ignorant and illiterate found something to say; and thus a thousand most absurd reports originated from folly, and the love of talking for talking sake. Malice, however, seized them, stamped them with a counterfeit mark of authenticity, and sent them to pass current in the world, among those who had no opportunities of detecting the imposition. Thus I suffered in the opinion of a part of the Public, whose esteem I should certainly have possessed, if it had known the real intention, the beneficial tendency, the respectful manner, and the Christian sentiments of my discourse.

I will here take the liberty of inserting a few Extracts and Letters, which I received from voluntary correspondents.

Extract from the unsolicited Letter of a Gentleman whose abilities and learning, as a writer on politics, are held by the Public in high esteem.

“ Consolation would be misplaced. The
 “ enmity of such wretches is a most honour-
 “ able distinction; and a minister of religion
 “ will feel that he has well performed his
 “ duties,

“duties, when his admonitions have provoked their rage. Their *wincing* is indeed a proof that these men have more conscience, or at least shame left, than I supposed.”

Extract from the Letter of a Clergyman whom I saw present at the Sermon, but a perfect stranger, except by NAME and person.

“The best vindication would be to publish the sermon, and prosecute your assailants at the Theatre; and I think the world will acquit you of entertaining unfavourable sentiments of the existing government of this kingdom.”

***** “An enraged son of Mars, the day the sermon was preached at Brighton, just on my coming out, attacked me as furiously as a bull-dog, and wondered why such a d——d fellow should be allowed to preach at Brighton;—talked of writing to Bishop —, Archbishop —, &c.; enquired who was the preacher; branded *me*, now and then, with reproach, and used ill language, exceedingly unfit for a gentleman.”
(N. B. *This, I have reason to think, happened in the CHURCH.*)

“I an-

" I answered him in short, that the sermon
 " was but too true ; and that no Bishop what-
 " ever would notice any representations, pro-
 " vided they were JUST, which could be
 " made of it."

" He then took care to circulate a report,
 " that I countenanced and defended the ser-
 " mon ; and, I assure you, I had my doubts,
 " but I should have met with some insult
 " similar to yours, which you may depend on
 " if, I should have resented, by redress from
 " that palladium of British liberty, an English
 " jury."

*Extract of a Letter from a Friend, whose great
 abilities and excellent character are respected
 in a large circle of acquaintance.*

" Contradictions of the falsehood circulated
 " in the *True Briton* concerning your dis-
 " course, would keep up the stimulus in your
 " calumniators.

" Nothing would so effectually silence the
 " scoundrels, as publishing your sermon ; and
 " yet SCANDAL WOULD INSINUATE that
 " you."

" you had suppressed some passages; and
 " your meaning in others would be wil-
 " fully perverted by the wretches who are
 " HIRED to do such DIRTY WORK. These
 " fellows would be glad to recommend them-
 " selves by abusing you.*****

" You will get some enemies by the spirit
 " with which you have defended CHRISTIAN
 " HUMANITY against tyrants and murderers.
 " But I hope sincerely that you may find the
 " love of honest men more than a compensa-
 " tion for the malice of the worthless. You
 " are sure of the best support, the comfort of
 " an approving conscience. THE REST IS
 " INSIGNIFICANT. ***** The BITTER-
 " NESS OF THE TIMES INCREASES." *****

*Extract from the Letter of a Correspondent at
 Brighton, whose sense and virtues are worthy
 of the highest esteem; and who was present
 at the Sermon, and in the Theatre.*

" I fancy the reptiles have spit their spite,
 " done an heroic act before the ladies, and
 " will again plume themselves on their valiant
 " exploit of disturbing a Theatre." *****

" You

" You are in possession of more than my
 " approbation—of my sincere admiration of
 " your PRINCIPLES, and of your CONDUCT
 " too on the late occasion ; nor can the treat-
 " ment you received from a mercenary tribe,
 " (a small tribe too, remember, not more, I
 " believe, than twenty!—and who were
 " they?) infligated by a desire of PLEASING
 " THE HIGHER POWERS, deprive you of
 " the consciousness of having done *nothing*
 " wrong."

" It is a great, but a disagreeable com-
 " pliment paid to you. Unnoticed had been
 " a less able attempt to inculcate any doc-
 " trine."

For the Letter of the Reverend Mr. Mos-
 SOP, (which was also unsolicited,) curate of
 the parish of Brighton, who read Prayers, and
 sat in the desk during my sermon, I must beg
 leave to refer my Reader to the *Appendix* ;
 where he will find several other papers,
 omitted in this place for want of room.

The

The next is from a perfect stranger, who signs his name.

“ Sir,

“ Permit a stranger, who reads and hears
 “ the various comments, strictures, and con-
 “ jectures of various parties, on the unex-
 “ ampled outrage you suffered at the Theatre
 “ at Brighton, to urge you to publish the ser-
 “ mon, with the subsequent circumstances, as
 “ soon as possible; and to advertise that such
 “ is your intention. Name your assailants,
 “ and the regiments they belong to, as far as
 “ you can positively ascertain them.

“ In the “ *World*,” this day, they admit
 “ the treatment you have received to be un-
 “ justifiable. In the paper improperly called
 “ the *True Briton*, you are censured with a
 “ severity perfectly characteristic of the des-
 “ potic party and principles by whom it is
 “ protected and supported. They seem to
 “ think, by committing you to your Metro-
 “ politan, that you will be made an example,
 “ to deter other honest men from doing their
 “ duty, and that they may make them the

" *devoted victims* of their dreadful cabals and
 " intentions. However, Sir, BAD AS TIMES
 " ARE, an honest Englishman, doing publicly
 " his duty, need neither fear the censure of a
 " Bishop nor the frowns of a Prince. ****
 " *****

" I am,

*****,
 August 27.

Your humble servant,

***** *****."

I will add but one more letter : It comes
 from a person unknown ; but as he says he
 was present at the sermon, it may properly be
 inserted in this place.

" Rev. Sir,

" As a fellow-collegian, as a brother cler-
 " gyman, and as a hearer of your sermon at
 " Brighton, which gave so much offence to
 " the Military, but which gave me so much
 " pleasure, I take the liberty to trouble you
 " with this ;—merely to express my earnest
 " hope that you will bring to punishment, or
 " at least to public notice, those *puppies* who
 " insulted you in consequence of their disap-
 " probation ; and that you will also print

“ your sermon;—being assured that it will
 “ not only be an AMPLE REPUTATION OF
 “ CALUMNY, but will also give pleasure to
 “ every impartial person, and will encrease
 “ your already well-deserved reputation.——
 “ *****

OXFORD,
 Sept. 15.

“ I am, Sir, &c.”

I have many other Letters full of expressions of approbation, and bearing testimony to the beneficial tendency of my sermon; but I forbear to insert them, lest I should weary my Readers with a repetition. There are many witnesses to the receipt of the above by the post; which I mention, because I am aware that the wicked malevolence of my calumniators will insinuate suspicions of their authenticity. Their writers would willingly come forward, but I would not let their friendship and their honesty expose them to the malice of my adversaries. Many able and impartial Letters on the subject have appeared in the independent newspapers; for which I here make my grateful acknowledgments to

the unknown authors, who dared to stand forth volunteers in the defence of injured truth, and of an individual likely to be oppressed by overbearing influence.

But what, I may be asked, could offend the officers? I know not; for I said nothing but what their hearts must accord to, when unbiaised by misunderstanding or misconception. I am enlisted under no party. I espoused only the general interests of humanity. I enforced its dictates by the sanctions of the Christian religion. If I may venture to conjecture the cause of their displeasure, I should suppose that a passion, which Young calls the *universal passion*, was offended at my detracting something from the pomp and parade of military preparation, and the glory of conquest. That passion, when offended, is of all perhaps the most vindictive. That passion might be irritated when, after deploring the calamities of war, I said, that the finery of its externals could not conceal from the eye of humanity its real and shocking deformity. Defensive war, in which alone the militia is concerned, I never censured. Offensive war I did and do reprobate as the disgrace and calamity.

calamity of human nature, and equally repugnant to reason and to the mild and friendly spirit of Christianity. I despise and abominate despotism wherever it exists; but there were *no despots at the church*, there are no despots in England, and therefore my censures of despots could never be considered as a personal invective on any hearer, or any British Potentate. Was it pride then, and vanity, that were hurt? I should hope that generosity in military men would overcome pride, if any existed; that it would prevent a numerous and opulent body, *who have suffered nothing*, and who are not even named or known by me at this hour, from endeavouring to injure and ruin, as far as they can, an individual and his *family*; a family which, whatever may be *his* demerits, are certainly innocent, and worthy every man's kindness and protection. As independent as any of my assailants in mind, and perfectly easy in circumstances, I want not their assistance; but they owed me, from their office, protection from violence, if it had been offered from any quarter. I know brave men, grey-headed veterans, whose swords would have

leaped

leaped from their scabbards to defend a clergyman and a woman from the slightest insult at a public Theatre. How different those who deliberately took counsel together against a clergyman, and assembled in a body, in a narrow passage, to insult him, while they were driving him from the Theatre, and he made no resistance: Who were rude and insolent to a defenceless woman and child; and not contented with this, continued to persecute the insulted party by virulent invectives against them in their absence: Who flunk from public censure, and did not venture to avow, by their names, the act which they gloried to execute when there was no danger of opposition. To call names! the last poor revenge of malicious imbecillity! To suffer misrepresentation to go forth in news-papers uncontradicted, after having sated their revenge by a public outrage! I firmly believe, that the majority of the brave men throughout the army disapprove such conduct, and blush for the degradation of the military character. True magnanimity is never captious; forgives real injuries, is easily satisfied with concession, and holds

holds out the hand of friendship to a conquered adversary. I made every concession in the Theatre which a gentleman could give, or a gentleman demand; yet I was still pursued with foul names, that would have disgraced a scolding woman of the lowest order.

But that generosity which I have not experienced, I have wished to exercise. I might have discovered their names by diligent investigation; but I have never inquired; and I know no more of them at this moment, than I do of officers among our Sardinian, our Spanish, or our Neapolitan auxiliaries. I might have prosecuted them, but I never meditated such revenge. I leave them to their own reflections, and to the opinion which the unprejudiced part of their own profession must entertain of their conduct. They ought to have made an apology as public as their offence. It would have displayed a noble magnanimity; such, indeed, as cannot be expected from persons capable of *persisting* in mean revenge. Much is to be allowed to the surprise of sudden passion, and to human infirmity. But perseverance in illegal vengeance, when the law is open, is inexcusable in the defenders of law and order.

The

The mode of punishment adopted must be improper; because, had my sermon been all that mass of absurdity which either they or their adherents think it right to represent it; yet, as our Church is Episcopal, as our Constitution is inviolate, our Courts of justice pure, a regular process should have been instituted. The accused has then an opportunity of vindicating his innocence. A self-appointed court-martial and a summary process, without giving the culprit leave to defend himself, strikes at the very root of public justice. They who had recourse to it, might themselves suffer by the precedent. All men, all professions, all ranks, are deeply concerned in preventing the prevalence of a summary process without judge or jury. A breach of the peace from its preservers is doubly mischievous. It destroys confidence in the legally appointed defenders against violence. A riot might have ensued from the outrage at the Theatre. If I had thrown myself on the protection of the multitude, who were my friends, the consequence might have been fatal to my aggressors, or to persons unconcerned. It is some aggravation of their furious onset, that they had *an army of many thousands within a few*

a few minutes march of the spot. How dangerous the experiment of risking a riot in such a cause, and in such a place! And if the consciousness of irresistible power gave confidence, how ungenerous, against adversaries so defenceless, was such confidence! With arms by my side, with confederates at my back, and whole regiments within my call, I would scorn to attack any unarmed individual; much less one in a profession forbidden defence by arms, and naturally seeking of the generous soldier that protection which it cannot, consistently with decorum, secure to itself by force. My enemies triumphed over me. But amidst all the exultation of their triumph, I would not exchange situations with them. In such a rencontre I had rather be the assaulted than the assailant. The laurels gained in victories like these are but blushing honours.

I was defeated, but not depressed. The generous public have shown me many marks of approbation. My most valuable friends have come forward in my support, with a zeal and steadiness of attachment which would cheer the drooping heart under persecutions infinitely severer than any which I have endured. They

They have indeed consoled me in the midst of scurrility. But above all, my own mind has consoled me. The cause which I supported with an honest zeal, and, as it appears, with effect, was a good cause. I glory in the cause. I will never retract a sentence that I uttered in maintaining it. Under every affliction, and in the arms of death, it shall be my comfort, that I laboured strenuously, and in *my proper sphere*, to stop the effusion of human blood, and to promote peace on earth, and good-will among all that are dignified by the name and the form of MAN, however divided by oceans, or distinguished by languages, or detached by forms of government, differently modified, according to their own choice.

But why do I not publish my sermon? Before I answer that question I must do myself the justice to assure the Public, that I had no knowledge of a little Pamphlet, which I am informed was published under the title of Dr. Knox's Sermon. It was beneath such formal and serious notice as would have been necessary to have stooped its sale. I found it a mere transcript from an article in a newspaper, which had been some time published, and
which

which hardly filled a column. It carried with it its own marks of want of authenticity. Enemies, as well as friends, must immediately have discerned that it was nothing more than a mere contrivance of some industrious artizan to raise himself a trifling supply, by imposing on the public curiosity. The purpose, I think, must have been defeated by the clumsy execution of the projector. I slightly mention it now, and caution the Public against the delusion, because I find that zealous partisans have been base enough to hand it about, with an assurance that it was genuine. How do truth, justice, and benevolence fall before the spirit of party! Political frenzy, inflamed by interest and ambition, seems to trample on all the limits of right and wrong; and men, honest in their nature and honest in their lives and conversation, become temporary knaves in the struggles of political contest. I affirm, that no man who asserted the catchpenny pamphlet to be mine, believed it.

But the question recurs, Why do I not publish my sermon? My reply is, that I do not think it would answer the expectation which the irrational opposition to it has

excited, and that it was not written for publication. I sought peace. I never took one step to inflame the minds of the people. If I had chosen to publish my sermon, I am told it would have been rapidly diffused over the kingdom. It was every where expected with impatience. Whether it would have had a powerful effect or not, let those judge who heard it. I wished sincerely to avoid the fermenting of troubles and commotion; and I suffered a sermon (calculated in my own opinion only to diffuse a love of peace and mankind) to sleep on its shelf, lest, by opposing many stubborn prejudices which unfortunately prevail at the present moment, I might disturb my own tranquillity, without promoting my grand object, public peace. I do not engage not to publish it. It is at hand ready for the press, and shall make its appearance, if I see it likely to effect its sole purpose, that of doing good by teaching universal benevolence, inspiring a love of peace, good government and order. Prejudice at present might impede its beneficial effect.

This answer to the question why I do not publish my sermon, is addressed solely to my friends,

friends. My enemies do not clamour for its publication so much as my friends, and for a good reason. Those among them who have heard it, must know, that its publication would evince that their outrageous displeasure, as well as their consequent violence, was totally unjustifiable. It would shew their **SUPERIORS** of how little value has been their ardour in this boasted service. Staunch champions as they are for loyalty, they would appear to have attacked the territories of a friend and an ally. It would be evident that there had been a prodigal waste of valour. They would find themselves qualified to say, in the words of the old song, "Oh, we have "been fighting where there were no wars." What notice or what reward could be claimed or expected, when it should appear, as they know it would, that they had been attacking one who had been on the late occasion, as many years before, contending in the service of his King and Country; and of one who had *attempted* more public services to both by his labours, than some even of themselves, who perhaps may not have had equal opportunities or equal success, in making their beneficial

neficial exertions ostensible. They would find, if they were led by his sermon to inspect his other lucubrations, that he has in many of them, to the best of his poor abilities, paid honour to the King and defended the Constitution; though "*non tali auxilio*," he confesses, may be applied to his defence. They would find, imperfect as his endeavours have been, that they have for many years been extending, not only over the British empire, but to most of those foreign countries which speak or cultivate the British language. It is indeed certain the antagonists were not bound to know this; for it would be *despotism* indeed to compel men to read, or force them either, *invita Minerva*, or *invitis ipsis*, to be acquainted with the literary republic, or to pay any regard to the state of literature. Much clergy is not necessary when men combat arguments with force. CEDAT TOGA ARMIS, is a glorious motto, in spite of that block-head, Cicero, who was no soldier, and made but a poor figure indeed, when his head and hands were cut off by the HERO, Mark Anthony, and nailed on the pulpit, where he had displayed his offensive eloquence. A glo-
rious

rious triumph of the sword over the tongue; of brute force over genius, taste, philosophy, elegance, humanity, and wit! What are these to swords and battle-axes?

No—it is impossible, as there are many proofs on record, that I am, and have ever been, a peaceable member of the community, a friend to order, a lover of my King and Country; it is impossible that any honour or emolument could be bestowed by the *Givers of good things*, as a remuneration for forcing me to fall back by a RETREAT that is now almost as famous as the retreat of the ten thousand under General Xenophon. No reflection on that General! besides, if it were, I should be forgiven; for really, Gentlemen, (pray believe me,) he was not in English pay, but a foreigner and an antient, in a country called Greece, a good way from Brighthelmstone. In speaking of Xenophon I cannot possibly allude to any of my conquerors.

But I beg pardon for the short digression. I was saying that the publication of my sermon would make it appear, that the *inquisitorial detachment* of forces deserved no reward for their strenuous services, thus vilely thrown

away against a voluntary friend to every thing which they are *paid* by us to defend. My sermon was a defence of peace, order, law ; their attack an illegal and useless violation of them all.

Away with the sordid idea ! I will not for one moment believe, what has been frequently suggested to me, that these persons, whoever they were (for I know no more of them than our good friend the Pope at Rome), were incited to display their prowess and patriotism in the Brighton Theatre, in the hope of pleasing a great Personage, resident in that Town, to whom, as that common liar common Fame reports, some of them immediately repaired after the terrible sermon, and told their tale. Wretchedly mistaken must they have been to think, if they did think, which cannot be true, to rise in favour of a gracious superior, and procure in future, at court, honour or promotion, by oppressing an individual in the exercise of his lawful profession, for doing his duty faithfully in the parish church, and recommending that Christian religion, that love of peace, and that good order in which the gracious superior must delight, or he would cease to be gracious.

No,

No, no; I have a far better opinion of him than they had, if they thought so. It was a foolish speculation, to think of claiming to themselves the merit of *an exclusive loyalty*, and deriving honour and rewards for it, by disturbing the public peace. It could not be so. The gracious superior must have laughed them to scorn, when they detailed to him the action at the Theatre at Brighton, if, while considering their claims, he compared them with those of hardy veterans who were at the same moment opposing the terrible armies of France. There can be no truth in the suggestion; and if there were, the publication of my sermon must destroy all hopes at once, and make them fall to the ground like a battered redoubt. It would appear immediately, that they had made all this fuss in combating only a *supposed* enemy—a pasteboard Sans Culotte—stuck up to shoot bullets at, for want of better sport, *right earnest flesh and blood*;—a mere phantom, caused by the fever of loyalty run mad, and patriotism in a trance. No, Madam FAME, though thou hast a thousand tongues, and all of them hung upon swivels, thou shalt never persuade me, that the meanest

K

mortal

mortal that ever wore a red coat could possibly think to recommend himself to the higher powers by routing, in a body, an unresisting clergyman and his wife. NOTORIETY, however desirable in itself, so obtained would be like the notoriety of a man standing on the pillory;—a *disagreeable service*, but which would seldom entitle the party to *honourable distinction* or advancement out of it. I only mention this illiberal suggestion, as one instance to prove how little dependance is to be placed on common report, in times when party-spirit runs high; and when many are in the hope of getting a loaf or a fish, by hook or by crook, in shewing their own zeal to men in power; and misrepresenting and driving all others away, lest they should want to go snacks, and so, by the multitude of guests, lessen the good cheer. Political PSEUDOLOGY, as it is called by the learned, is too much studied of late, and is but too successful. But I will not believe, either that British *officers* could misrepresent a fact for the purpose of ingratiating themselves with a superior; or that a superior would listen one moment to a tale that tended to injure, in his

opinion,

opinion, a peaceful individual, known for his attachment to the purest state of the constitution.

No; I honour the King and the Prince; and I firmly believe that they would scorn to persecute or to oppress, at the instigation of the most OPULENT PEER in the realm, the most defenceless individual, the most abject outcast, the most forlorn beggar in the British empire. I may be abused, reviled, forced out of Theatres, but no man shall rob me of my loyalty. The Father of his people shall ever find me a dutiful son; and the Prince himself shall not excel me as a peaceable subject, and a friend to law and order. Though he is certainly in all other qualities as much above me, as he is in birth, rank, and the glorious prospect of one day ruling over a great, enlightened, and a free people, he shall not excel me in a zeal for the interests of my Country and of the human race.

O Loyalty! O Law! O the Constitution! O Liberty!—(yes, I *will* add LIBERTY; for liberty is *constitutional* in England, and no man dares to deny it)—how I love you!—You are the parents of peace, plenty, learning, arts, commerce, every thing truly desire-

able. I love you all dearly for this; aye, and I love you for something else too; for if it had not been for you, O LAW, I should have stood but a bad chance in the memorable action of Brighton Theatre. Then "God bless the King and preserve the Constitution." It is not the prayer of patriotism only; but also of cordial gratitude. For if the King and the Constitution had not interfered, perhaps I should not have been able to pray for them at this moment. In some countries I should have been *filettoed* in that horrible dark passage there, behind the boxes, a place fit for assassination. I do not think I should have come so well off, as I did, among our good friends the *Neapolitan soldiers*. The Austrians would have made very short work of it. But IN ENGLAND!—*blessed Isle!*—I will daily thank my God, upon my knees, for the happiness of being born in a free country—the King covered me with a helmet, the Constitution with a shield, and the Law with a coat of mail. I marched through my enemies unhurt, for the *law* and the King, under Providence, were my guards. Hard names break no bones; and though the tongue is a sharp

sharp weapon, yet it does not perforate the skin. The drum of the ear, like the regimental drum, *that wonderful agent on the rational soul*, is made of tough materials; and indeed, though it cannot, like that great inspirer of courage, make a great noise, yet it can bear a good deal, or it had been broken. Certain it is, that in the exploit of the twentieth of August, I was under peculiar obligations to the King and the Constitution. Then you will not wonder at my repeating so soon, God bless the King, and preserve the Constitution in health and vigour. They shall ever continue to be my favourite toast; and I will add to them the CHURCH, though I never should get any thing in it, but expulsion from the Play-house, and a volley of military ANATHEMAS, which, by the way, I think are quite as good in their effect, and somewhat similar, though not quite so profane, as the cursing and swearing of his Holiness at the Vatican. Foul words, however, only shew the foulness of the source whence they flow; they do not defile the object of them, like mud thrown upon a white stocking. Like a *dirty* action, they only befoul the doer of it.

In-

Indeed, as a thunder-bolt attends thunder, so they sometimes are accompanied with blows, and thrusts, and gashes, and tramlings, and *simple manslaughter*; especially if they succeed in *setting a mob against a man, by calling him obnoxious names in public*, as they call a dog mad when they want to get him hanged. But the King and the Constitution prevented the hard words from growing, in their natural progress, to hard deeds; and here I am, and my wife and children too, by our comfortable fire-side, safe and sound;—thanks to the King and Constitution, under God. Then play up, MUSIC, “*God save the King;*” and I will say, *Amen, Amen, and Amen*: and, GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE too; for what is a King without the people? But give me leave to desire the musicians, while their hands are in, to make an anthem immediately, for Sundays at least, of the words, “GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND
“ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD-WILL TO-
“WARDS MEN.”

If this is sedition, let the Attorney-General, or a Court-Martial, revise the Bible, and blot out the texts prohibited. Dreadful sedition may
lurk

lurk in that old Book, though the Brightonian phalanx might not know it. If they had, they would have seized the church Bible, and carried it to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as soon as he had FETTERED *me*.

The repetition of the *text* reminds me of my horrible sermon, which, wonderful to relate, though full of *poison*, flowed from these very words, (all sweet as they are, and *salubrious*,) as naturally as the streamlet in the meadow from the native fountain. If any of *my* words are seditious or treasonable, I will eat them. That's fair; though I own there is scarcely any food which agrees so ill with the stomach. But I would venture a wager, if I were in the habit of laying wagers, that let all the Attorney-Generals in Christendom, turn and twist, and twist and turn them, with their spectacles on their noses, as long as they please, even till the French are brought back to their old Constitution, and the Bastile rebuilt; and they shall not find one syllable of sedition or treason from the text to the last inference. They shall, after reading them forwards, read them backwards, like the Hebrews; and then upwards and downwards, like

like the Chinese ; and then crossways, like Bonnell Thornton ; and if they find any treason in them, I will give them my skin to make parchment of, and warrant it whole, notwithstanding the celebrated rencontre in which, had not the King and Constitution interfered, it might have been pierced like a cullender.

But the subject of my sermon recurs. The Ministerial prints have given pretended quotations from it : I am sure the authors of those prints never saw it, and therefore their quotations must be from memory. Great wits have short memories ; and of course great powers of invention. No wonder, therefore, that the quotations are considerably different from the real and genuine composition : they are indeed sadly mutilated ; the poor bantlings are so disfigured by ill-usage, that I can hardly recognise any resemblance. I may, I think, fairly conclude, that, as the papers called the *True Briton* and the *Sun*, and fifty more perhaps throughout the kingdom, have selected them, they are intended to exhibit the passages which gave offence. I will therefore quote the original sentences to which they relate, copied literally from my sermon.

They

They are all, I believe, comprehended in the following detached paragraphs; which I select, *not from any preference*, but *solely* because they have been fixed upon by the adversaries, and published by them in a most imperfect state.

“ Let it be deemed by CHRISTIANS a
 “ greater honour to pluck one sprig of olive,
 “ than to bring home whole loads of laurel;
 “ —to be welcomed by the cordial salutes
 “ of hearts delighted with the blessings of
 “ PEACE RESTORED, than by the forced ex-
 “ plosion of ten thousand cannons, and the false
 “ brilliancy of a venal illumination.” *****

“ Ye also in the lowest ranks of society,
 “ wherever ye are dispersed all over the ha-
 “ bitable globe; ye, our poor brethren, who
 “ are *numbered but not named* when ye fall
 “ for your respective countries; who, in fo-
 “ reign climes, happily not in our own,
 “ are looked down upon with sovereign con-
 “ tempt, and even let out by petty despots,
 “ as butchers of your species, in any cause,
 “ for pay, PRESERVE AT LEAST YOUR RE-
 “ LIGION; obey its laws, hope for its com-
 “ forts; bind it round your hearts; and let
 “ neither

“ neither the artful philosopher, by his false
 “ refinements, beguile you, nor the haughty
 “ oppressor, by keeping you in total igno-
 “ rance, rob you of this treasure; it is a *pearl*
 “ *of great price*; lock it up in the casket of
 “ your bosoms, there to remain through life,
 “ inviolate; it is your only riches; but it
 “ makes you opulent in the midst of poverty,
 “ and happy in the midst of woes, which,
 “ without it, would be scarcely tolerable.”****

“ If the Christian religion in all its purity,
 “ and in its FULL FORCE, were suffered to
 “ prevail universally, the sword of offensive
 “ war must be sheathed for ever, and the din
 “ of arms would at last be silenced in perpe-
 “ tual peace. Glorious idea!—I might be
 “ pardoned, if I indulged the feelings of en-
 “ thusiastic joy at a prospect so transporting.
 “ PERPETUAL AND UNIVERSAL PEACE!—
 “ the jubilee of all human nature! Pardon
 “ my exultation, if it be only an illusive pro-
 “ spect. Though the vision is fugacious as
 “ the purple tints of an evening sky, it is en-
 “ chanting; it is innocent, as it is delightful.
 “ The very thought furnishes a rich banquet
 “ for Christian benevolence.

“ But

“ But let us pause in our expressions of
 “ joy ; for when we turn from the fancied
 “ elysium to sad reality, to scenes of blood
 “ and desolation, we are the more shocked by
 “ the dismal contrast. Let us then leave
 “ ideal pictures.; and consider a moment the
 “ most rational means of promoting, as far as
 “ in our power, *perpetual and universal peace*.
 “ If war be a scourge, as it has been ever
 “ called and allowed to be, it must be in-
 “ flicted for our offences. Then let every
 “ one, in every rank, the most elevated as
 “ well as the most abject, endeavour to pro-
 “ pitiate the Deity, by innocence of life and
 “ obedience to the divine law, that the scourge
 “ may no longer be necessary. Let him add
 “ his prayers to his endeavours, that devasta-
 “ tion may no more waste the ripe harvest,
 “ (while many pine with hunger,) burn the
 “ peaceful village, level the hut of the harm-
 “ less cottager, overturn the palace, and de-
 “ face the temple ; destroying, in its deadly
 “ progress, the fine productions of art as well
 “ as of nature :—but that the shepherd’s pipe
 “ may warble in the vale, where the shrill
 “ clarion and the drum’s dissonance now grate
 “ harshly

“ harshly on the ear of humanity ;—that *peace*
 “ *may be within and without our walls*, and
 “ plenteousness in our cottages as well as in
 “ our palaces ;—that we may learn to rejoice
 “ in *subduing* ourselves, our PRIDE, *whence*
 “ *cometh contention*, and all other malignant
 “ passions, rather than in REDUCING FAIR
 “ CITIES TO ASHES, and erecting a blood-
 “ stained streamer in triumph over those
 “ who may be fallen indeed—but fallen in
 “ defending with bravery, even to death,
 “ their wives, their children, their houses, and
 “ their altars, from the destroying dæmon of
 “ offensive war.”

All the above passages have, I believe, been
 partially and ignorantly cited, at various times,
 in various diurnal publications, so as to ren-
 der them scarcely intelligible.

I concluded my sermon with the following
 Prayer, which has been pretty faithfully re-
 presented in some of the more candid papers,
 but, at the same time, abbreviated.

“ O thou God of mercy, grant that the
 “ sword may return to its scabbard forever,
 “ that the religion of Jesus Christ may be
 “ duly

“ duly understood, and its benign influence
 “ powerfully felt, by all kings, princes, ru-
 “ lers, nobles, counsellors, and legislators on
 “ the whole earth,—that they may all com-
 “ bine, in a league of philanthropy, to en-
 “ force by reason and mild persuasion, the
 “ law of love, or Christian charity, among
 “ all mankind, in all climes, and in all sects;
 “ consulting, like superior beings, the good
 “ of those beneath them;—not endeavour-
 “ ing to promote their own power and ag-
 “ grandizement by force and arms,—but
 “ building their thrones and establishing their
 “ dominion on the hearts of their respective
 “ people, preserved from the horrors of war
 “ by their prudence and clemency; and en-
 “ joying, exempt from all unnecessary bur-
 “ thens, the fruits of their own industry;
 “ —every nation thus blest, permitting all
 “ others under the canopy of Heaven to en-
 “ joy the same blessings, uninterrupted, in
 “ equal peace and security.

“ O melt the hard heart of pride and am-
 “ bition, that it may sympathise with the
 “ lowest child of poverty. And grant, O
 “ thou God of order, as well as of mercy
 “ and

“ and love, that we of this happily constituted
 “ nation may never experience the curse of
 “ despotism on one hand; nor, on the other,
 “ the cruel evils of anarchy; that as our
 “ understandings become enlightened by sci-
 “ ence, our hearts may be softened by hu-
 “ manity; that we may be ever free, not
 “ using our liberty as a cloak for licentious-
 “ ness; that we may all, in every rank and
 “ degree, live together peaceably in Christian
 “ love, and die in Christian hope; and that
 “ all nations which the Sun irradiates in his
 “ course, united in the bonds of amity, may
 “ unite also in the joyful acclamation of the
 “ text, with heart and voice, and say,—
 “ *Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace,*
 “ *good-will towards men.*”

Such, I declare in the most solemn manner,
 in the face of Heaven and earth, was the ge-
 neral tendency of my whole sermon; a ser-
 mon which, in its consequences, has alarmed
 my family, given trouble to my friends, and
 exposed me to the venomous shafts of slander.
 But I scorn complaint, and mean nothing but
 just representation. I claim not the least me-

rit

rit in the composition of the sermon. It was almost extemporaneous. My enemies allowed that I delivered it feelingly; and indeed it did come from my heart. That was all its merit. My error, if there was any, was the error of my head; a zeal in a good cause, not checked by the cold restraints of worldly policy.

I will endeavour to recapitulate the heads of my discourse with brevity. I was guided by my text, and adhered to it closely. My remarks were not personal. I spoke of peace and war in general. I censured neither *our* Government nor *our* Army. I urged the necessity of piety to God among the *Great*, in an age, when a mighty people, whether with sufficient reason I knew not, were accused of *Atbeism*. I particularly recommended Christianity, for its beneficial effects on civil society. This led me to the second topic, *Peace*. I described, as I felt in imagination, the miseries of the SEAT OF WAR. I endeavoured to divest *war* of those assumed splendours, and that appearance of gaiety and happiness, which do not belong to it, but which seduce the unthinking to view it as a PASTIME. I proceeded to the third point, *Good-will towards men*; and endeavour-

ed to check that vanity and dissipation, which, seeking to make a figure, and studying selfish gratification, forgets the duties of philanthropy, forgets that all men are the sons of one father; and can hear or read of the slaughter of thousands and tens of thousands, and of anguish unutterable, in the field of battle, with joy or indifference; while it weeps over the distresses of a novel, or the fictitious woes of a tragedy. I endeavoured to recommend to cabinets and legislatures, *not to our own in particular*, but to ALL in the civilized world, the *principles* of gospel charity, as the best principles of every government and sound state-policy. I pleaded the cause of the POOR, and the distressed and oppressed in all countries;—and, if it please God to give me health, I will continue to plead the same cause, without fee or reward—*dum Spiritus hos regit artus*,—believing it to be my COMMISSION and duty, as a clergyman, to preach peace and philanthropy, as much as it is the soldier's commission and duty to wage war faithfully, and PROTECT THE INJURED ON ALL OCCASIONS, by all LAWFUL means, when he has once entered into the military profession.

If

If for this I must suffer calumny, desertion, persecution, I am content. The cause shall teach me to bear the consequence cheerfully. My fellow-creatures will do me the justice to remember, that I shall suffer for *being their advocate*, totally unconnected with party, cheerfully renouncing, in this conduct, all views of preferment, of sordid interest, or mean ambition. Happy in a plentiful competence, and a contented mind, I ask no increase, I fear no diminution. Thus independent, I will ever speak my sentiments with freedom, when called upon by my duty. They are all friendly to man, all favourable to my country; therefore they will bear avowal, and require no servile and selfish reserve. Nor is this a system of conduct *newly* adopted. In asserting a spirit of independence, imbibed from an early study of the Greek and Roman history, I have at least been consistent. Let those decide, who have honoured me with reading what I have written in my retirement, or with hearing what I have preached to the inhabitants of my little hamlet, whether I have not laboured to promote the happiness of both reader and hearer, by faithfully de-

fending the cause of truth on all subjects
 on which I have written or spoken, without
 time-serving, or a sordid and cowardly reserve.
 My zeal has, doubtless, been often a mistaken
 zeal; but it has been always an honest zeal.
 My party is the party of humanity. In-
 fluenced by that party, and that alone, I was
 zealous on a late occasion, in my proper sphere,
 and in the lawful exercise of my profession,
 to prevent war by the mild arts of persuasion.
 Feeble arts indeed, especially in my hands!
 but I am still equally zealous in the same glo-
 rious cause. It is the cause of God and man.
 And if I could succeed in serving it in the
 smallest degree, if it were only in turning the
 minds of men in power, throughout all belli-
 gerent nations, to think duly on the subject,
 I should deem it a greater honour than a
 triumph, a statue, a ribbon, a coronet, or
 even a triple mitre. Coats of arms I value
 not; but let my motto be through life,
 "Glory to God on high, on earth peace,
 "good-will towards men." The olive branch
 shall be my emblem, *et sub hoc signo vincam*.
 I retired, indeed, from superior numbers in
 the Theatre, on the same principles which

impelled the Duke of Brunswick to retreat from Jemappe, the Duke of York from Dunkirk, and Prince Cobourg from Maubeuge. But like them, pardon my presumption in pretending a resemblance, I scorned to relinquish the cause. From necessity I surrendered my seat in the box, on the first summons; because the summons was followed up with a force which no individual could successfully oppose. But I surrendered not the free-born mind, and the rights which I possess from this happy Constitution. The unlawful attack of conscious power confirmed me more in my dislike of force usurping the place of argument, and in my settled abhorrence of all modes and degrees of tyranny. I acknowledge myself defeated, but not confuted; compelled to yield my seat, but not my opinion. My conquerors will find it much more difficult to prove to the world, that war is not one of the greatest calamities of human nature, than it was to extrude him, who asserted it to be so, in the PULPIT, from a place that he had purchased for himself and family, at a public and licensed Theatre. It is easier to break the law, than to prove that it ought

to be broken. The point of a bayonet may produce a temporary silence and submission, in him whose duty it is to preach what he reads in the gospel; but it cannot erase from that gospel, "*Love your enemies,*"—"Blessed *are the peace-makers,*"—"Do unto others as *you wish they should do unto you,*" and many other passages, tending to unite the hearts of all men in love and union. The prophet Isaiah, certainly a bold preacher, ventures to say, "NATION SHALL NOT LIFT UP SWORD AGAINST NATION; NEITHER SHALL THEY LEARN WAR ANY MORE;" which, were I a liege-born subject of Turkey or Algiers, of Monomotapa or Monomugi, I might contend, is libellous, scandalous, mutinous, seditious, and rebellious. Were I a native of the South Sea Islands, I would send it to the Attorney General of *Owbyee*. I would pull the preacher from the pulpit, if I were a CANNIBAL. But enjoying, as I do, the blessing of living in a free country, a Christian country, and under a King no less remarkable for his attachment to the Christian religion, than his native mildness and philanthropy, I will contend, that all those fine sentences in the sacred

sacred volume, conduce at once to the glory of God who gave them, to the prosperity of the states that maintain them, and to the honour and happiness of human nature, wherever they are *permitted* to prevail. I hope *military force* will never be used to prevent their prevalence. I hope they will ultimately prevail against all *military force*; and that the time may come, under their influence, when mortars, cannons, howitzers, shells, balls, bullets, muskets, fuses, bayonets, long swords, short swords, broad swords, will only be shewn as curiosities in the collection of some antiquarian virtuoso, while spectators shall wag their heads and say with siniles, "How foolish were our forefathers to use so much ingenuity in the arts of destroying life, when DEATH is driving on his triumphal car, and every MOMENT crushing with his wheels, or mowing with his scythe, youth, beauty, strength, grandeur, science, genius, virtue, and piety, with undistinguishing and relentless fury. How much wiser we who have learned to beat *their* swords into ploughshares, and *their* spears into pruning hooks. It was the Gospel which effected this

" this happy change. *Man* no longer views
 " *man* as his enemy. He exerts the strength
 " of his body in *subduing* the earth; his mind
 " in arts, sciences, in every thing which
 " adorns, refines, and sweetens his *brief* ex-
 " istence. His affections, no longer exasper-
 " rated by considering his fellow-creature as
 " his destroyer, are all bland, and gentle and
 " kind; and he feels and communicates joy
 " and comfort to all who are within the
 " sphere of his activity. Foolish ancestors!
 " studying the arts of destroying and im-
 " perishing each other, when the world is
 " wide enough, and fertile enough, to contain
 " us all, and make us happy, and as merry
 " as our hearts can hold. THE FOLLY OF
 " WAR, in old times, might constitute one of
 " the best topics for our merry-makings, if it
 " were not tinged a little too much with the
 " dismal and the tragical."

May the gospel be faithfully preached, and
 produce this revolution. But the attempt is
 premature; the time is not yet come, says an
 objector. It will never come, say I, unless we
 labour in our vocation to accelerate its arrival.
 In the Scripture-language we are taught to do
 our

our duty "*in season and out of season*;" and not be restrained by fear, or by worldly politics, from promoting the benign purposes of the kingdom of heaven. We must not be *traitors to the King of heaven* in the fear of retarding our own preferment at a human court. *What shall it profit?*

But let us not think too badly of the times; for there are who have boldly laboured to promote the gospel doctrines of peace in spite of worldly politics, and those too in a high and honourable station. The BISHOP OF LLANDAFF will, I hope, pardon me for taking the liberty of quoting from him some passages in a sermon printed, among others, in octavo, in the year 1788, and published by Mr. Thomas Evans of Paternoster-Row. In page 111 of that volume, commence the following passages, worthier of attention, as far as I can judge, than any thing which my mediocrity was able to advance in the church of Brighton.

"Were all the nations of the earth," says that able Prelate, "converted to the Christian religion, and the individuals of those nations not *nominal* merely, but *real* Christians,

" *Man*, it would be utterly impossible for a
 " state of war EVER to have a beginning
 " amongst them. But unhappily for man-
 " kind, neither of these events is likely soon
 " to take place. Christianity hath amended
 " the lives, and elevated the hopes, of a few
 " individuals, but has it FULLY AND VIR-
 " Tually PERVADED THE HEARTS AND
 " COUNCILS OF PRINCES, FROM WHENCE
 " ARE THE ISSUES OF PEACE AND WAR?"
 " The councils of princes are usually go-
 " verned either by the princes themselves, or
 " by a few individuals of their own appoint-
 " ment, who being in most countries free
 " from human animadversion, and the fear
 " of punishment, too frequently suppose them-
 " selves superior to all controul. Men of this
 " stamp, if they do not look upon religion as
 " a human contrivance, invented by statesmen
 " to keep the ignorant in awe, are apt to con-
 " sider its influence as limited to the *concerns*
 " of private life. The prosperity of the state,
 " or, which with them is the same thing, the
 " gratification of their ambition, or any other
 " PASSION, they think may be prosecuted by
 " ALL POSSIBLE MEANS; in public transac-
 " tions

" tions they acknowledge no justice, but what
 " springs from *utility*, and is regulated there-
 " by. ***** There can be no doubt that indi-
 " viduals, with principles such as these, ARE
 " NOT CHRISTIANS. THEY MAY BE PO-
 " TENT PRINCES, EXPERIENCED STATES-
 " MEN, ABLE GENERALS; BUT THEY ARE
 " NOT CHRISTIANS.
 " Christianity in its regards, steps beyond
 " the *narrow bounds of national advantage*, in
 " QUEST OF UNIVERSAL GOOD. It does
 " not encourage *particular patriotism* in op-
 " position to GENERAL BENIGNITY; or
 " prompt us to *love our country* at the EX-
 " PENCE OF OUR INTEGRITY; or allow us
 " to indulge our *passions* to the *detriment of*
 " *thousands*. It looks upon all the human race,
 " as children of THE SAME FATHER, and
 " wishes them EQUAL blessings. In ordering
 " us to do good, to LOVE AS BRETHREN,
 " to forgive injuries, and to *study peace*, it
 " quite annihilates the disposition for martial
 " glory, and utterly DEBASES THE POMP OF
 " WAR. *****

" Brave and unfortunate islanders! (the Cor-
 " licans,) ye stemmed, for a time, the torrent

"of tyranny, in hopes that some of the states
 "of Europe would have enabled you to repel
 "it with success. YE SHED WITH ARDOUR
 "YOUR BEST BLOOD AT THE SHRINE OF
 "FREEDOM. Overpowered at length, de-
 "spending, and deserving of a better fate, ye
 "fell;—lamented by every friend of hu-
 "manity, *assisted* by NONE.

"Was it the *spirit of Christianity* which
 "combined in an *unnatural union*, three of
 "the most POWERFUL SOVEREIGNS IN
 "EUROPE, and induced them to plan and
 "effectuate the dismemberment of *Poland*?
 "*****We ourselves paid no attention either
 "to Corsica or Poland,—we either had not a
 "disposition, or were not in a condition. We
 "were, by some means or other, prevented
 "from standing forth the protectors of these
 "two devoted countries. Other nations may
 "be in a like situation with respect to us;
 "and a FEW ARBITRARY PRINCES OF THE
 "CONTINENT, who LOOK UPON THEIR
 "PEOPLE AS BRUTAL PROPERTY, their
 "KINGDOMS AS PRIVATE ESTATES, their
 "ministers as STEWARDS, and STANDING
 "ARMIES AS COLLECTORS OF THEIR
 "RENTS,

"RENTS, MAY CONSPIRE TOGETHER TO
 "ANNIHILATE THE LITTLE REMAINING
 "LIBERTY OF EUROPE, and yet preserve a
 "BALANCE OF DESPOTISM among them-
 "selves.*****

"Was it the SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANI-
 "TY which has prompted, not *African*, but
 "EUROPEAN PRINCES, to TRAFFICK IN
 "BLOOD, to make a profit of the BUTCHERY
 "OF THEIR PEOPLE? Gracious God! whence
 "is it that MAN, the noblest of thy terrestrial
 "works, can so far forget the *dignity of his*
 "*nature*, become so deaf to every CALL OF
 "HUMANITY, as to MURDER those who never
 "injured him or his country, never gave him
 "or his country occasion of offence?*****

"——IBI FAS, UBI PLURIMA MERCES.

"I hope it will not be thought indecorous
 "to have spoken thus freely concerning such
 "*practices* of SOVEREIGN PRINCES, as appear
 "TO BE WHOLLY REPUGNANT TO THAT
 "GOSPEL BY WHICH, AND BY WHICH
 "ALONE, THEY and WE must look for salva-
 "tion and eternal life. The hour may be at
 "hand to some of us, it cannot be far off
 "from

"from any, when this tremendous truth will
 "be better understood. In the mean time,
 "IT IS OUR (the clergy's) ESPECIAL DUTY,
 "to represent the RIGHTS OF HUMANITY as
 "of far more value than the ARTS OF SOVE-
 "REIGNTY; THE LAWS OF CHRISTIANITY
 "as far more sacred than the CUSTOMS of
 "civil society."

***** "This, you will think, is plain
 "speaking," continues the Bishop. "The
 "PLACE FROM WHICH IT IS SPOKEN
 "REQUIRES PLAIN SPEAKING AT ALL
 "TIMES; on a day especially of solemn hu-
 "miliation for our sins, you would not expect
 "to hear any lax, temporizing principles of
 "morality from the PULPIT. Alas! let us
 "speak as plainly as we can, we have no
 "great expectation of being regarded.*****
 "SELFISHNESS has banished HONESTY; and
 "CHRISTIANITY, because it will not truckle
 "to our passions or our interests, has lost all
 "its hold on our consciences."—****

I must quote no more for want of room.
 The reader, who, I hope, wishes for it all, must
 be referred to a sermon preached before the
 University of Cambridge, by R. Watson, D. D.

F. R. S.

F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Llandaff, and the King's Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. It is the fifth in the octavo volume of his sermons, collected and published by himself in 1788, *republished* eight years after it was preached, and therefore no sudden effusion. It is an honour to Episcopacy.

My sermon, compared with his Lordship's, as to freedom of expression, is *courtier-like*. I have not been able to follow either his precept or his example. What if his Lordship had preached it before the military inquisition in Brighton church, instead of the *University of Cambridge*? Why, you will say, that if he had been profane enough to have gone to the Play-house two or three days afterwards, as I was, the said inquisition, or their delegates, would have *torn his lawn sleeves for him*, and perhaps have called him a Scoundrel, a Rascal, and a Democrat. Now I say no, Sir; no such thing. They would not have torn his lawn sleeves. Though the Bishop's sermon would have been infinitely *more provoking*, inasmuch as it is infinitely more excellent than mine, they would have behaved to him with respect, or the politeness characteristic of their

their profession. Such champions do not attack members of the House of Lords. ME they thought they might annihilate, if they pleased; me, one of the lowest of the clergy, at the bottom of the profession; a mere private, one of the *rank and file*. Before the Revolution in France, great people used to drive over little people in the streets of Paris, crush them to atoms, and say no more than, "Drive on, coachman, it is only a Sans Culotte; there are enough left." Now *"they order these matters better in England:"* Thanks TO THE KING AND CONSTITUTION; yea! blessed be those laws which preserve a clergyman, without a caslock to his back, from the sword of the violent, with as much care and tenderness for him as for the lawn sleeves of the mitred sage.

Now I do not wish to make his Lordship *particeps criminis*; but as he, on the same subject, and before a whole University, whence his sentiments must flow in channels in all directions over the kingdom, went much greater lengths than I did, and met with applause, I cannot but think there is no criminality on either side. CRIMINALITY! There

is

is a bar, at which those who dare to stigmatize an honest zeal in the cause of humanity as a crime, may find in their need as little mercy as they have been inclined to shew to their fellow-creatures, during their *little brief authority* in this vale of woe.

CRIMINALITY in wishing to terminate the calamity of war! On such a charge, I address not venal societies, interested courtiers, sneaking placemen, pensioners, expectants; but you, ye widows and ye orphans; you, ye poor mangled brethren; you also, ye PALE DEPARTED CORPSES! and, though I speak to cold and senseless ears when I speak to *you*; yet your blood cries to high heaven for mercy to mankind, and pleads powerfully, and, I hope, successfully, to those of your fellow creatures who have it in their power, to say, in the commanding language of the scriptures, "O THOU
" SWORD, HOW LONG WILL IT BE ERE
" THOU BE QUIET? PUT UP THYSELF
" INTO THY SCABBARD; REST, AND BE
" STILL *." Slain ere ye had tasted the sweets of life, even in the early morning of your day, the flinty heart of *avarice* regards

• Jer. xlvii. 6.

you

you not, *ambition* is too much engaged, and *vanity* too selfish to feel for any but itself; but RELIGION shall shed a tear over you, and daily pour her orison, that your few and evil days in this world may be compensated by a happiness where love shall reign, and war shall be no more.

But I must desist. Yet not till I have made my final declaration. I profess myself one who thinks war, offensive war, at once detestable, deplorable, and ridiculous. I profess myself the friend of the people, the friend of all mankind, in all countries, and of all colours; the low as well as the high, the high as well as the low; it is enough that they are fellow-men, alike born, alike to die; all of them, however distinguished for a few short years, doomed to mortality, like myself, and subject to the thousand miseries flesh is heir to;—to all of them, and not to any little party, *excluding all others* from love and mercy, I avow myself, in all that I ever preached and wrote, the disinterested friend; and when I cease to be so, may God Almighty palsy this tongue that has pleaded their cause with energy, and wither this hand which has often
written

written in their service; and which, for that reason alone, is now compelled to hold the pen in defence of myself and those I love, from envy, hatred, and anger, studiously fostered and disseminated by *invisible agents*, who, not content with a public insult, add to it, for its palliation in the eyes of others, *private obloquy*. It is observed, by those that have studied human nature, that they are the least inclined to forgive who committed the wrong. Then let me have the honour and happiness of freely forgiving *them*, who insulted *me* and *mine* unlawfully, indecently, and without cause. I do forgive them. I know not one of them; no, not even by name. I desire not to expose them. For me they are sheltered safely in their retirements. I wish them a merry Christmas in their winter-quarters, wherever they may be. May their mirth, at that happy season of love and friendship, be uninterrupted by DREAMS OF DEMOCRATS, and may they never have to encounter more dangerous foes than such as they have been used to engage and put to flight; SUPPOSED ENEMIES, on the Downs, and in the Theatre of Brighton.

A P P E N D I X.

N O T E

A letter from the Rev. Mr. Mosson, Curate of Brighton, who officiated in the Dock on the 18th of August, and was present during the reading of my sermon. The Rev. Mr. Hudson, the Vicar, was absent on that day; otherwise I have no doubt but that he would have borne a similar testimony.

Rev. Sir,

FROM my situation in the church at Brighton, I believe the day you favoured us with a sermon, which gave such high offence to a certain description of gentlemen, I have, as may naturally be supposed, had my ears sufficiently flattered with inquiries relative to this sermon, both by many that were present, as well as absent. From some of the former, I have experienced no small portion of ill-nature, because I could not conscientiously join in the cry with those who can judge the motives of their neighbour better than he can himself, and pronounce it at once seditious, libellous, traitorous, democratic.

The

A P P E N D I X.

N° I.

A Letter from the Rev. Mr. Mossop, Curate of Brighton, who officiated in the Desk on the 18th of August, and was present during the whole of my Sermon. The Rev. Mr. HUDSON, the Vicar, was absent on that day; otherwise, I have no doubt but that he would have borne a similar testimony.

Rev. Sir,

FROM my situation in the church at Brighton the day you favoured us with a sermon, which gave such high offence to a certain description of *gentlemen*, I have, as may naturally be supposed, had my ears sufficiently stunned with inquiries relative to this sermon, both by many that were *present*, as well as *absent*. From some of the former, I have experienced no small portion of ill-nature, because *I could not conscientiously join in the cry* with those who can judge the motives of their neighbour better than he can himself, and pronounce it at once seditious, libellous, traitorous, democratic.

The answer I have given to the latter description of inquirers, was in substance, " That I doubted
 " not but that Dr. Knox would submit his sermon,
 " in proper time, to that Public at large, which is
 " better able to judge, and generally more can-
 " did, than interested individuals, who often mis-
 " apprehend, but more frequently misrepresent, a
 " subject, to apologize for *illiberality and male-*
 " *volence*;" adding, " That that christian cha-
 " rity, which men of our order ought to entertain
 " one towards another, would not allow me to
 " suppose, that Dr. Knox's motive was to hint,
 " in the most distant manner, at the subversion
 " of our present happy constitution and govern-
 " ment, but merely to expatiate on the advantages
 " of universal peace and goodwill among man-
 " kind, and to reprobate the decision of disputes
 " by the umpirage of the sword."

May I, therefore, take the liberty to ask, Whe-
 ther you have it in intention to publish the ser-
 mon, or not? that I may have an opportunity of
 gratifying my inquirers with a more satisfactory
 answer. As I am partly a stranger to you, I beg
 you will excuse this liberty; and remain,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. MOSSOP.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE,

12th September 1793.

To the Rev. Dr. Knox.

N. B.

N. B. I never had the pleasure of speaking to this gentleman. I am totally unacquainted with him. From a pure love of justice and truth he sent me the above unexpected and unsolicited letter. On my asking his leave to publish it, he returned the following answer. It may be doubted whether certain pluralists and court divines would have dared to give so honest a testimony.

N^o II.

Rev. Sir,

I DULY received yours of the 17th instant; and as I look upon you to be misrepresented to the Public, relative to the sermon you preached at Brighton, and consequently loaded with no small degree of unmerited opprobrium, I shall willingly contribute my mite to exonerate you. You have, therefore, my permission to publish my letter to you of the 12th of September last, in your intended vindication; provided your publication contain no invectives against the present existing government, nor any sentiments which might be improper for one zealously attached to our most excellent constitution to countenance.

I must conclude, by saying, that if every clergyman is to be exposed to insult, for doing what he

he conceives to be his duty, in exposing the reigning vices of the age, we shall soon find, that the feeble rays of religion, which yet remain, to enlighten the christian world, will soon become totally eclipsed. I am,

Rev. Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. MOSSOP.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE,

19th November 1793.

To the Rev. Dr. KNOX.

N. B. *Mr. Mossop's candour does him the more honour, as his stipend consists of the voluntary subscription of the RICH, who resort to Brighton; and as GREAT PERSONAGES, with their tradesmen and retinue, are among his parishioners.*

N^o III.

My Dear Sir,

YOUR last favour has found me so much indisposed by the rheumatism, that it is not without effort I can acknowledge the receipt of your letter.

It will of course be out of my power to bear my testimony in the way you mention, against the

the extension of military controul over our places of diversion, our temples, and our altars; yet the more I reflect on the insult you received at Brighton, the greater is my concern, that a precedent of a nature so highly dangerous, should be permitted, by those in power, to pass uncensured and unpunished.

Since the men of the sword have dared to violate, not only the laws of decency, but those of their country, in your case, I cannot meet a cockaded stripling in his regimentals, or a foot soldier in the street, without feeling that we have masters, whose servants we are, although our estates and our industry are mortgaged to pay them their wages.

We shall perceive what the country will say and do when your Narrative is published.

If the hirelings of the pen are bidden to support those of the sword, by the persons who direct both, the matter is settled, and you are only the first victim. I am,

My Dear Sir,

with much esteem,

Your faithful friend and servant,

R. S.

LONDON,

Nov. 20, 1793.

N^o IV.

Sir,

OUR excellent laws have guarded us from the assaults of malice, and of superior force, with peculiar care. The following quotations from JUDGE BLACKSTONE, with many others, will evince, that the greatest men, even ARMED, as your assailants were, and superior in numbers, *dare not*, consistently with a regard for our admirable constitution, attack the most defenceless member of the community. Yet your assailants, *in this very act*, pretended to be the defenders of the law and the constitution.

That learned judge, and friend to freedom and humanity, says, " Besides ACTUAL BREACHES of
" the peace, any thing that tends to provoke or
" excite others to break it, is an offence of the
" same denomination. Therefore challenges to
" fight, either by word or letter, or to be the bearer
" of such challenge, are punishable by fine and imprisonment, according to the circumstance of the
" offence." Book IV. chap. 11. sect. 12.

" An *unlawful assembly* is when *three or more*
" do assemble themselves together to do an *un-*
" *lawful act.*" — (*There was a CONSPIRACY*
" of MANY more than three, for two hours, against
" you, in the Theatre, assembled to do an UNLAWFUL
" ACT; and they did it. Hireling newspapers de-
fended

fended it; the readers of which *PAY TWICE* to be deceived; first the *wages*, then the price of the papers!)

“ A RIOT is where three or more do an unlawful act of violence, either *with* or without a common cause of quarrel; as if they beat a man, or do any other unlawful act, with force or violence; or even do a lawful act, as REMOVING A NUISANCE, in a violent and tumultuous manner.” Book IV. chap. 11. sect. 6.

“ The punishment of unlawful assemblies, from the number *three to eleven*, is fine and imprisonment; if they amount to the number twelve, it may be CAPITAL.” BLACKSTONE.

“ There is one species of battery more atrocious and penal than the rest, which is the beating of a clerk in orders, or clergyman, on account of the respect and reverence due to his sacred character, as the MINISTER AND EMBASSADOR OF PEACE.*****So that upon the whole it appears, that a person guilty of such brutal behaviour to a clergyman, is subject to three kinds of prosecution, all of which may be pursued for one and the same offence; an indictment for the breach of the King's peace by such assault and battery; a civil action for the special damage sustained by the party injured; and a suit in the ecclesiastical court.”*****

Book IV. chap. 15. sect. 7.

Every REAL Friend to our King and Constitution, especially if by profession and solemn engagement bound to defend the country, and assist the civil power, in the suppression of riot, and the preservation of order, will himself be peculiarly careful not to break the law, and disturb the peace.

Judge Blackstone says, " All disturbances of the peace, all OPPRESSIONS of a notoriously evil example, may be indicted at the suit of the KING." Book IV. chap. 15. sect. 8.

A code of laws which thus secures personal liberty to ALL, must be endeared to every Englishman who regards either himself or his fellow citizens.

" The least touching of another's person, willfully or in anger, is a battery; for the law cannot draw the line between different degrees of violence, and therefore totally prohibits the first and lowest stage of it; every man's person being sacred, and no other having a right to meddle with it, in any the slightest manner."

BLACKSTONE, Book III. chap. 8.

Would not one preach in defence of such a constitution, and pray too, saying, " Esto perpetua!" Yes; though CLUB LAW and SWORD LAW should oppose THE LAW OF ENGLAND, *vi et armis*, let us all stand up, as you have done, advocates

cates for it, and for our glorious constitution in its purity. I am, &c.

LEGULEIUS.

P. S. You remember a subject at College for a theme:

Minor in prælio, non semper minor in causâ.

I have just heard one of your assailants was a LITTLE LORD. He had a queer name of his own; but I cannot recollect it. I never knew before, that there was such a BEING in the universe.

Nº V.

Dear Sir,

WHEN you consider the great influence of enormous wealth, and its consequent power, alarmed at the rapid progress of civil liberty, you will cease to wonder at the indefatigable and successful exertions, which are made to crush individuals who publicly espouse its cause. No rancour is so venomous, as the rancour of wounded pride; of avarice, dreading the diminution of its revenues; of ambition, checked in its selfish and vain-glorious career. Nothing but a fear of the laws restrains a virulence so exasperated, from the most outrageous injustice. Reason, argument, persuasion, plead in vain against irritated tyranny.

Conscious power, goaded by fear and anger, hesitates at no villainous act of oppression, consistent with its own safety.

The ill-usage you have recently experienced, proves what military power, under *aristocratical* direction, would do, if it dared. Happily the laws still retain their vigour. Public spirit is not yet quite extinct. Englishmen will not yet suffer law and liberty to be trampled upon, with impunity.

I hope, therefore, that you will not be dispirited. I do assure you, that the silly calumnies of hired scribblers have done you no disservice among the *independent part* of the Public. They have only deceived those who were willing to be deceived; those who love to have their malevolence fed by a breakfast of paragraphs, equally replete with absurdity and virulence. A strange appetite! But calumny is as delightful food to some, as human flesh to tigers.

I have just this minute seen a paragraph in a paper, which I copy at the coffee-house, where I am now writing, for your amusement, while I drink my morning dish of tea.

After inveighing against you, the writer says,
 “ The clergy have been accused, ere now, of indolence; of inability, of not taking the trouble
 “ even of writing their own discourses; but, my God!
 “ if these are the samples of them (meaning your
 “ sermon)

"sermon) when they do write, MAY THEY NEVER
 "RESUME THE PEN! and we readily admit their
 "old plea, "That the body of divinity now pub-
 "lished, is already large enough to answer every
 "purpose, if well inculcated."

But what, say I, should we do for sermons on
 the *thirtieth of January*, and on fast days, if the
 prayer of this writer should be heard, and the
 clergy *never resume the pen*? I suppose the dig-
 nified part of them may *write AGAINST* the
 people; or why are they loaded with sinecures?

He adds, "The learned Doctor possesses great
 "merit: How much to be wished it were dis-
 "played in a BETTER CAUSE."

A better cause than the promotion of peace
 and good-will! These things are very diverting.
 I hope you laugh at them all, I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLERICUS.

FLEET-STREET,

Sept. 17. 1793.

P. S. I can contradict the report, that the
 Prince was AT CHURCH when you preached peace.

He has a great number of *chaplains*; and, doubt-
 less, hears divine service performed at the PAVILION.

I wish he *had been at church*; he would, I am
 sure, have approved your doctrine, and repri-
 manded the military inquisition.

Nº VI.

N^o VI.

Sir,

IN the 151st page of Mr. Burke's Reflections, which some of the aristocracy read with more devotion than the scriptures, we find it thus written:

"The Christian statesmen of this land are sensible, that *religious instruction* is of more consequence to the GREAT, than any others, from the necessity of bowing down the STUBBORN NECK of their pride and ambition, to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a consideration of the FAT STUPIDITY and GROSS IGNORANCE concerning what it imports men most to know, which prevails at COURTS, and at the HEAD OF ARMIES, and in SENATES, as much (mark that!) as at the loom and in the field."

I think you must have Mr. Burke on your side, if he preserves his consistency. But what will your military antagonists say to him, when they read this? They will be tempted to hustle him in the lobby of the House of Commons, if he goes on in this strain. I heard your sermon. You said nothing so *offensive* to COURTS, or HEADS OF ARMIES, as this. Only consider the expressions:—"STUBBORN NECK—FAT STUPIDITY—

GROSS

GROSS IGNORANCE." I think this passage does Mr. Burke more honour, than all his flimsy wire-drawn stuff, his sophistical, passionate, and romantic declamation against human nature. *O si sic omnia!*

But, for the life of me, when I read of *stubborn neck*, *FAT* stupidity, and *gross ignorance*, I cannot help thinking of *SWINE*. Sure he does not mean to rank *People at Courts*, at the *Head of Armies*, and in *Senates*, with the swinish multitude. Yet he must, when he attributes to them stubborn necks, fat stupidity, and gross ignorance. It is to his honour, if he numbers the *rich and great vulgar* with the poor and abject. Truth will break forth. There are as many swine, very *FAT* indeed with stupidity, and with stubborn necks, in gilded, and painted, and carved *styes*, as in styes covered with thatch, and scarcely keeping off the pelting of the pitiless storm. Bravo! Mr. Burke! This compensates for a good deal of your abuse of those of your fellow creatures, whose *crime is poverty*.

I have a notion Mr. Burke, consistently with the above excellent passage, would number *your assailants* with the *SWINISH MULTITUDE*. Not that he ventured to tell them so, when he went to see the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," on the *South Downs*. However, I am pretty sure he would not approve of your being trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude,

multitude, for endeavouring, as he expresses it, to bow down the *stubborn neck* of pride and ambition, and to remove a little of that *fat stupidity* and *gross ignorance* which HE says, though you did not say, "prevails even at the HEAD OF
"ARMIES."

The *swinish multitude* of *high life* are well described by Horace, in these celebrated words:

Pinguem et nitidum, et bene curatâ cute porcum.

I wish the poor *little pigs* were as fat and well-liking. May they never lack warm styes and full troughs!

I congratulate you on having so eloquent an advocate on your side as Mr. Burke.

He says in another place, a little lower down, "Our provident CONSTITUTION has taken care, that those who are to instruct PRESUMPTUOUS IGNORANCE, those who are to be censors over INSOLENT VICE, should never incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms." You see he stands up for the freedom and dignity of the pulpit.

These sentiments certainly do him honour. It is a pity that his grains of wheat are hidden in bushels of chaff, and his jewels lost in a dunghill. The SWINE, however, will rout them out.

That

That expression of "Swinish Multitude," was an unlucky *lapsus linguae*.—But if we are swine, *Quid vetat et nosmet grunnire?* I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

PINGUICULUS PORCELLUS.

N^o VII.

[The following Account, though certainly founded on a conversation which actually passed at a public place, in the hearing of a person whose name I know, is probably intended to represent the spirit of the Tattlers upon this occasion.]

Sir,

I was lately sitting in a snug corner in a book-seller's shop, at a place of public resort, when I was an eye and ear witness to the following scene and dialogue, which I take the liberty of transmitting to you for your edification.

Enter six men, some with skirts to their coats, and some (exposing the seat of honour) without skirts; some with caps, and some with
bats;

bats; some with feathers, and some with none; but all fierce of physognomy, loud of voice, and (in course) desperately courageous.

1st. D—n you, you Sir; did you hear the famous seditious sermon?

2^d. No—I hear it, aye? I never go to church. I want to hear none of their GAB, not I; though I know all about it as well as if I had been there. But hold your jaw. I am reading the papers.—Good God! what a sad thing it is; the French I see are all turned atheists. They have abolished Sundays, and discarded their clergy. I hope to God we shall exterminate the banditti;—a pack of Sans Culottes and Carmagnols.

1st. But this sermon runs in my head. It was full of treason and sedition. It was all about feathers, and sword-knots, and epaulettes. But one comfort is—I hear the preacher is taken up.

3^d. Yes he is, and I hope he will be taken down. What do you think he said, you? Why he said—(*bab, bab, be!*) he said—All mankind are brothers—Brothers! *bab, bab, be!* Lady Proud-flesh, who you know is a lady of family and the first fashion, told me she thought she should have burst her sides a laughing at the idea. It is *too* bad. I am told a prosecution is commenced.

4th. It is, it is.—What's as bad—he told the men not to mind the officers a skip of a louse—that was his

his expression. I know a man that will take his bible oath of it. Then he went on and said— They ought to bid the colonel kiss their breeches. He used plainer English. Well; that was not all. He said, You Sirs, says he, addressing himself to the men, you are a pack of fools, says he, and your commanders are all knaves and sycophants. The whole army was there—there was not a man left in the camp—all at the church; and they no sooner came out, than they fell a mutinying like mad. D—n it, says I; so I ups with my sword, and runs a dozen of them through the body at a thrust; with one foot I kicked a score over the cliff; with the other, I sent a little hundred into the clay-pits belonging to the brick-kiln; and with my left hand I collared a dozen more; and then they all marched back as quiet as lambs, and no more was heard of the mutiny.

5th. I saw you, I saw you do it, by G—; and Tim Figgins, of the Gothamshire, says he was one of the mutineers; for he heard the parson say, On earth peace. That was all he heard; but a comrade of his told him, peace was proclaimed in the Gospel Gazette; and that we were all to go home, and take care of our families, and plough the ground for the next wheat harvest: So he was skipping about for joy, but meant no harm, when you attacked him in the rear with your foot, and laid him sprawling on the beach. By G—, the par-

son ought to be brought to a court martial though.

6th. He will, he will. But you have not heard *half*. The sermon was the most flagitious, factious, seditious, traiterous, libellous, mutinous, villainous, rascally, scoundrelly sermon that ever was preached in a pulpit, by G—. Lady Epaulette told me he actually described the pattern of the cotton lining of the prince's tent, and said, What a shame! No wonder the national debt has increased to such an enormous pitch. Lady Gorget reddened so at church, you could not tell the difference between the colour of her face and her regimentals, by G—. Lady Bumfidget was so mad she could have cried, but she turned it off to a laugh, and patted the captain with a fan on the shoulder a hundred times, while he bit his lips and vowed vengeance. Too bad! too bad! said old Mrs. Tattle, our landlady. But *he* went on talking about peace and war. Now that I do not mind so much. Damn all he said about stopping the effusion of blood. *If he had stuck to peace, damn it, we should not have minded that* *. But feathers! If I do not revenge.—What do you think he had the impudence to say? Why—fine feathers make fine birds. That was the worst of all, D—n all his other sedition, That galls me.

One of the party engaged said this repeatedly in the Play-House Lobby, during the action.

1st. And *me* too.

2^d. I don't like *that*.

3^d. No!—Any thing but *that*.

4th. I feel hurt at *that*.

5th. Aye, *there's* the rub.

6th. "*The time and the place make it criminal.*"

A grave old gentleman, who had sat with a stick in his hand, gently tapping his shining boots; all this while, now rose, and respectfully asked the 1st, Pray, Sir, were you present at the sermon. He proceeded to ask them all in order.

Answer 1st. No—but I am credibly informed of all its contents by my laundress, who had it from Lady Van Helmet's waiting-maid, whom she went to drink tea with that very Sunday evening; so she must remember it all perfectly.

2^d. A very respectable man, who has a very good place under Government, told me, and he had it from a cousin of one of our contractors, who heard it from an old deaf woman that sat in the church porch all the while, from the text to the blessing. A very honest creature—he gave her a halfpenny for her intelligence, and she promised to bring him some more.

3^d. I gave sixpence to a soldier's wife, that mends stockings for me, to tell me all about it. I am afraid the hussy cheated me; for I asked her what sort of a man the preacher was, and she said

he

he wore a great wig, and preached in spectacles—which, I am told, is not the case; but, however, the poor woman might make use of her ears, though not her eyes. Her account tallies, in other respects, with all the rest; and I have no doubt she will make affidavit of it, for she spoke very confidently, and she is wretchedly poor. I have not paid her bill for some time.

4th. My grandmother was there; and my nephew Jack, it seems, caught her napping in the pew, as fast asleep as a church, and gave her a good smart tweak by the nose, without waking her. He told her of it as soon as she came home. But the old lady proved she was wide awake, by repeating the Creed and the *Catechism*, from one end to the other. She forgot the text, I believe—but she said she remembered the sermon well, vowed it was all treason, and poor Jack got a box on the ear for his pains.

5th. I went out to tea that afternoon. None of us knew a word about the sermon; till Mr. Bustle entered in a hurry, and said, one of the messengers had just arrived and apprehended the preacher. All the company stared; and knowing nothing of the sermon, asked the footboy, who had leave to go to church in the morning, but who, it seems, had gone to see the two men hanging in chains hard by. He slips out to fetch some toast, and inquires of Dorothy, the cook in the kitchen, who happening

to

to have company herself, found out from the washer-woman, that the preacher pulled the Prince's tent to pieces, and said we were all brothers and sisters. Lord-a-mercy! says she,—I be sister to a prince! and old Smoaker his brother! If that ben't treason, I do not know what is. I hope the parson will be taken up. I'll peach him; they say a body may make a penny of it. She is rather hard of hearing, but an honest good creature, and I intend to take her words down, and insert them in the Lying Advertiser, or the False Briton.

Answer the sixth.

I had my intelligence from my valet de chambre, who had it from his maiden aunt that had a dream. She thought she saw all the Sans Culottes, in their miserable unclothed condition, upon the beach, which frightened her into fits. Whereupon she went to tell it to an acquaintance of hers, the wife of a man who has a snug place in a public office; and she, it seems, was at the church. Upon hearing her story of treason and sedition, the old soul was at no loss to account for her dream. It seems the good woman, who had *heard* the sermon, came home highly pleased, and was wishing for peace, when her husband interrupted, and says, Jenny, says he, take care what you say. I hear it was all treason. You must take t'other side of the question, my dear. True, says she. Aye, a nod's as good as a wink; a word to the wife. "Now,"
 "Jenny,

" Jenny, can't you recollect any little bit of trea-
 " son, Jenny, just to tell the captain?"—"O yes,"
 " says she, "I believe I can, for that matter."—"Well
 " then let's have it."—"Why he said something
 " that tends immediately to the *subversion of the*
 " *government.*"—"Did he so? did he so? that's
 " good—so much the better—very well indeed—
 " let's have it—What did he say, my dear?"—
 " Why he said, That we ought, all of us, to be
 " GOVERNED by—yes, he said GOVERNED—mark
 " that—take that down—*governed* by one PHIL.
 " ANTHROPY. I do not know who Philip is—
 " some outlandish prince or Sans Culotte or ano-
 " ther—but whether he be the pope, the devil, or
 " the pretender, I will take my bible oath, before
 " any justice of peace, that he said we ought to be
 " governed by one Phil. Anthropy; whereas, you
 " know, we have no right to be governed but by
 " the existing government. There we have him.
 " This will make interest with *somebody* you know.
 " Aye, aye—No Phil. Anthropy. No Philan-
 " thropy, say I. No strangers. No philanthropy."

The old gentleman smiled and said, I find you
 were none of you present at the sermon. Now I
 was there; and I affirm that it was, from beginning
 to end, calculated to serve the cause of humanity,
 and no other cause. You have been misled by the
 silly tales of the idle, the interested, and the wicked.

All.

All. "Who are you?—who are you?"

An ENGLISHMAN. A MAN. I wear no sword indeed; but I have a tongue to contradict a liar, and a good staff of ENGLISH OAK to defend myself against a ruffian. Here is my address. I will convince you of your error, if you will listen to reason.

All. "Reason? Oh, we have nothing to do with it—it is nothing to us."

[*Exeunt—sneaking and muttering.*]

1st. A d——d Quiz this.

2d. A queer put.

3d. An old curmudgeon.

4th. A son of a b——.

5th. A democratical rascal.

6th. I, I, I don't half like him—O, here he comes—Why did not you knock him down, Jack?

1st. I'll teach him to jaw, if I ever meet him again.

2d. I had a good mind to draw my sword.

3d. I had my hand upon the hilt of mine.

4th. If he had not stopt his *slang*, I'd have pinked him, or I'il be shot.

5th. I would have kicked his ——.

6th. I wish he was here now—I, I, I, I—O Lord, here he comes—good morning—let's go. Devil take the old democrat, say I.—No democrats. I'm off.—Damme, I don't like democrats with *staves of English oak*, not I.—Good morning to you, Sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The

The old gentleman took a pinch of snuff, and coolly walked up and down the promenade. Yours,
DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. I hear the angry warriors *actually met* to concert measures for *prosecuting* you; but *no two of them could agree in the same story*. So they damned one another, and parted. I am told, it was a little Jew (but I don't believe it) that called from his box for *personal injury*. He was as arbitrary as if he had been his most CHRISTIAN Majesty, for whom your *true-bred English patriot* would fight the devil.

N^o VIII.

Sir,

I AM an officer; and though I did not hear your sermon, yet I can readily believe it was full of treason, from one end to the other. I know it was. I do not often read sermons; but upon hearing of your treason, I determined to look into your *volume of sermons*, which you published two or three years ago, in the hope of finding something to convict you, if my brother officers should unluckily have forgotten the worst parts of that flagitious discourse at Brighton. I could find nothing myself, but some old-fashioned doctrines about faith, hope, and charity. But my good friend Doctor Plumpton, having nothing to do on Sundays, (as he keeps three curates, at thirty pounds a-year each, and his

his stall is a sinecure,) employed one whole Sunday morning in endeavouring to find out some treason in your sermons. And, sure enough, here it is. The Doctor sent it me in a frank, given him by the member for the borough, who got him all his preferment. The Doctor says he cannot see (though he wears spectacles too) what in the world the Public can find in your foolish books to buy them. He himself has favoured the Public with one whole sermon, on "SUBMISSION TO THE POWERS THAT BE," and he never got rid of any, but those that he presented in Turkey leather, gilt and lettered, to the Minister, and a few of the *better sort*. But to the *treason*. This will *do* for you, Sir. Here it is, in page 377, of your second edition. Mrs. Plumpton copied it for the Doctor, as writing is fatiguing to him, especially after dinner. I have not read it; but I dare say your *diocesan* will make you an example for it. I hope to God he may.

"Such, indeed, is the violence of political animosity, that every social Christian duty is sacrificed to the indulgence of it: hatred of the bitterest kind is occasioned by a difference in politics, or by an attachment to a favourite statesman, or system of public conduct; and it is greatly to be lamented that this violence of zeal arises not from the pure motives of genuine patriotism, to which it arrogantly pretends, but from envy, from a contentious temper, from vanity, from ambition.

"I most earnestly admonish all who are insti-
 "gated by these motives to seditious language,
 "writing, or action, to consider that they are in-
 "sulting the King of Kings, who delights in order
 "and tranquillity, and whose gracious gospel par-
 "ticularly requires a peaceful submission to the
 "laws of a country, and to the powers legally
 "established. Confusion, and every evil work,
 "are the consequences of the unruly passions of
 "envy and strife, when they direct their force
 "against the civil government and its proper ad-
 "ministrators. *Fear God and honour the King,*
 "are commands joined together in the scriptures
 "so closely, as to induce one to conclude, that to
 "honour the King is to perform a duty at least
 "approaching to the nature of a religious office.
 "But if this should not be allowed, yet it is cer-
 "tainly true, that to disturb any good government
 "is contrary to the duty of a good man, and parti-
 "cularly inconsistent with the character of a good
 "Christian, who should study to be quiet, and to
 "mind his own business, and not to follow those
 "who, from *envy and strife*, are given to *unne-*
 "cessary innovation."

I say I have not read it myself; but I take
 Doctor Plumptre's word for it. He *looked* very
 angry with you. So he judges fairly. He hates
 you worse than the devil. So he is impartial.

I thought it but fair to let you know before-hand
 what I intend to prosecute you for; so have taken
 this

this trouble, which, by the way, is doing you more honour than you deserve. You know they told you your deserts. *A la lanterne*, should have been the word. They *did imitate the French very well*.

I wish I had been in the Theatre. I am told they had not men enough, or that enterprize would have turned out still more glorious than it did, though it did them all honour.

Good subjects ought to be distinguished; and, therefore, I hope some *ribbons*, I don't care whether *blue* or *green*, will be bestowed on the most active of those good men, who proved, on that occasion, that they do not degenerate from the Wolfes and the Marlboroughs that adorn our English history. I am glad to see the good old bulldog breed kept up. Let's have no more of your snivelling about peace. What should you know about peace or war? Leave every one to his own business, say I; and don't let the cobbler go beyond his last.

There's Dean Swift now, I like *him*. I accidentally opened one of his books the other day, and my eye fell on the following passage. The affair happened at a coffee-house.

An *officer*, you must know, in company with a *clergyman*, had a little dispute. But the Doctor met with his match, by God.

You shall judge. You shall hear Dean Swift's own words. "D—n me, Doctor," (cried the officer,) "say what you will, the army is the only *school* for
" gene

“ gentlemen. Do you think my Lord Marlborough
 “ beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n
 “ me, I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of
 “ your scholars, with his nouns and his verbs, and
 “ his philosophy and his trigonometry, what a
 “ figure he would make at a siege, or blockade,
 “ or rencountering !” The parson had nothing to
 say.

So you see the affair at Brighton is not the first
 in which the officers were too many for the parson.
 I only wish I had been there, that's all. It was an
 additional feather in the cap of all the parties, male
 and female, concerned therein. That's poz.

None of yours, by G—d,

B—Y DAWSON.

BULL AND MOUTH STREET,

Aug. 25, 1793.

P. S. Damn you, I'll fight you, if you'll come
 without your children to take your part. Not
 else;—five or six to one's odds, by G—.

N^o IX.

Rev. Sir,

I WAS lately in company with some *professional*
 gentlemen and their ladies, when the comical
 pranks of the military at Brighton Theatre became
 the topic of conversation. One of them said he
 heard you intended to *prosecute* your assailants ;
 upon

upon which they all burst out into a loud laugh, declaring, they never heard any thing more diverting in their lives. Prosecute, indeed ! said a smart *martinet*. I say prosecute too, cried an emaciated lady in a *helmet*, at the same time pursing up her mouth, and fanning away most rapidly. "What's that ?" asked a veteran who had been whistling "What can the matter be ?" while he adjusted his frill with one hand, and beat time on the ivory hilt of his sword with the other. "What's that ?" "Does he say he will prosecute ? Never believe it. He knows better than to prosecute. Their PURSES ARE A LITTLE TOO HEAVY FOR HIM," "my dear." Here he winked his eye ; and they all joined with an air of triumph, and repeated, Yes, yes,—Their PURSES ARE A LITTLE TOO HEAVY FOR HIM. I do assure you this is *literally true* ; and from it I conclude, that these heroic souls imagined that

Offence's gilded hand might shove by *justice*,

But 'tis not so in ENGLAND.—

By the way, you should not have preached the Gospel of peace before men who *live* by war. Truth is not to be told at all times. Never preach the *Gospel* when it may give offence, or obstruct your preferment. Preach about any thing that is not interesting, and does not come home to men's business and bosoms. Be as *dull* as you please ; you will be *safe*. Apropos, I met with the fol-

lowing passages from a shrewd author, who wrote about fifty years ago. Read; and learn to preach the *right way*, do; make the pulpit a *drum ecclesiastic*. *That's your sort to please.*

" Whenever pillage or shedding of blood are
" to be justified or encouraged by a sermon, or
" men are to be exhorted to a battle, to the sack-
" ing of a city, or the destruction of a country,
" by a pathetic discourse, the *text* is always taken
" from the OLD TESTAMENT. (*'War' Gospel!*)

" But to make it evident, that divines may be
" useful to all fighting men, without preaching
" of the *Gospel*, we need but to consider, that
" among all the wars and dissensions which *Chris-*
" *tians* have had one with another, there never
" was a cause yet so unreasonable or absurd, so
" unjust or openly wicked, if it had an *army to*
" *back it*, that has not found *christian divines*, or
" at least such as stiled themselves so, who have
" espoused and called it *RIGHTEOUS*. No rebel-
" lion was ever so unnatural, nor *TYRANNY* so
" *CRUEL*, but if there were men who would fight
" for it, there were priests who would pray for
" it, and loudly maintain that it was *THE CAUSE*
" *OF GOD.*" *Dialogues on Honour, page 159.*

.....
" However,

" However, morality is often preached to them,
 " and even the GOSPEL, at SEASONABLE times,
 " when they are in winter quarters, or in an idle
 " summer, when there is no enemy near, and the
 " troops are encamped in a country where no
 " hostilities can be committed. But when they
 " are to enter upon action, to besiege a large
 " town, or ravage a rich country, it would be
 " very *impertinent* to talk to them of their *christian*
 " *virtues*, DOING AS THEY WOULD BE DONE BY,
 " LOVING THEIR ENEMIES, and EXTENDING THEIR
 " CHARITY TO ALL MANKIND. NOT A WORD OF
 " THE GOSPEL, nor of meekness and humility.
 " All thoughts of CHRISTIANITY are *laid aside*
 " entirely. The men are praised and buoyed up
 " in the high value they have for themselves.
 " Their officers call them gentlemen and fellow-
 " soldiers. Generals pull off their hats to them;
 " and no artifice is neglected that can flatter
 " their pride, or inspire them with a LOVE OF
 " GLORY !

" The clergy themselves take care at such
 " times not to mention to them their sins, or
 " any thing that is melancholy or disheartening.
 " On the contrary, they speak cheerfully to them,
 " encourage and *assure them* of God's favour.
 " They take pains to justify, and endeavour to
 " INCREASE THE ANIMOSITIES and AVERSION
 " which those under their care have against their
 " enemies,

"enemies, whom, to BLACKEN and RENDER
 "odious, they leave no art untried, no stone
 "unturned, and NO CALUMNY can be more ma-
 "licious, no story more incredible, nor falsity
 "more notorious, than have been made use of,
 "knowingly, for that purpose, by christian di-
 "vines, both protestants and papists." *Dialogues*
on Honour, page 162.

I am, Rev. Sir, with the greatest respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

T.B.

PORTSMOUTH,

Sept. 21, 1793.

P. S. I observed you ended your sermon with a
 benevolent prayer. Take care not to pray too
 ardently for enemies. And, I beseech you, don't
 let the Reverend Dr. Parr be your model in pray-
 ers; for these are his words; you may read them
 in his *Sequel*, page 73.

"If," says that learned and able Divine, "the
 "threatened crusade of RUFFIAN DESPOTS should
 "be attempted, it will, in my opinion, be an out-
 "rageous infringement upon the law of nations;
 "it will be a SAVAGE CONSPIRACY against the
 "written and unwritten rights of mankind; and,
 "therefore, in the sincerity of my soul, I PRAY the
 "righteous Governor of the universe, the Creator
 "of men, and the King of kings, I PRAY him to
 "abate the pride, assuage the malice, and con-

Black

11

" found

“ found the devices of all parties, directly or in-
 “ directly leagued in this complicated scene of guilt
 “ and horror ! this insult upon the dignity of hu-
 “ man nature itself ! this treason against the MA-
 “ JESTY of God’s own image, rational and immor-
 “ tal MAN.”

There’s a fervent prayer for you ! but take heed
 how you pray in like manner, in the hearing of the
 said RUFFIAN DESPOTS. Luckily the ocean rolls
 between them and us ; so that though they probably
 have LONG EARS, as you know they have prover-
 bially LONG HANDS, yet they could not hear Dr.
 Parr, especially as the cannons were roaring, and
 the drums were beating, and the dying were *boob-*
ing, for many leagues together.

Nº X.

Sir,

I AM sorry to have observed that many of the
 black coats are more exasperated against you for
 preaching peace, than the red coats. The *odium*
theologicum, theological rancour, you know, is pro-
 verbially bitter and durable ; and I do assure you, our
 Doctor speaks with more venom and spite when-
 ever you are mentioned, than any one of the officers
 quartered in our village. We have a club at the

Black Bear, and the following conversation between the Major and the Rector took place last Saturday evening.

Major. No, Sir; I am no military pedant or bigot. I do not think it necessary to vindicate this war, or any war, merely because my father bought me an ensigncy when I was a stripling, and loved an idle life, and a dress that pleased the fair. No; I must in my conscience agree with the preacher, that war is a most unaccountable thing; a fore calamity; and indeed a disgrace to a rational and a social animal, like man. Besides, I think the sermon had a tendency to render this *necessary evil*, if it be necessary, less injurious to human nature. It is, surely, right to fill military men's minds with kind and humane sentiments; and I am really sorry that my brother officers resented the sermon in a manner so unbecoming and unjustifiable. Had I been there, I believe I should have taken D. K.'s part, though I suppose a duel would have been the consequence.

Doctor. My God, my God!—Fie, fie! you cannot be in earnest, Major. I, for my part, solemnly declare—"I would rather suffer the first joint of my right arm to be cut off, than let *him* preach in my pulpit*." I would actually

* This speech was actually made by a dignified Pluralist, who (between ourselves) is in expectation of more *fat* things, if he abuses the banditti and Carmagnols, and beats the *Devil's tattoo* on the *drum ecclesiastic*.

"contend

“ contend with him on the stairs of the pulpit, and
 “ fight with my pudding-sleeves on, till I lost this
 “ arm, sooner than let him ascend my pulpit.
 “ The pulpit’s *my own*, and nobody but such as
 “ support Mr. Pitt, and preach the extermination
 “ of the bare-breeched wretches in France, shall
 “ ever mount it.” You may tell him so if you
 like it.

As to the treatment he received at the Play-House, I am heartily glad of it. I wish to pay my compliments to the officers. I hear that some of them are men of great fortune and influence. Pray introduce me to them. If I had not thought it *unseemly* for me to be seen at a Play-House, I should have liked to have assisted them. They had my prayers.—What, in the name of Heaven, what business had *he* at the Play-House? It is the devil’s house, and I never go unless I get an order.

Major. Go to the play!—Why, I like him the better for it. I love not your starched, hot-headed, COURTLY high-priests. The world has had enough of them. They would not be seen at a play for the world, though certainly a most rational recreation; but they are not ashamed to be seen bowing and cringing at court to any borough-monger, whatever be his character; or attending the levee of Ministers and great men, though avowed sceptics, as to the Christian religion. It is better,

better, in my opinion, to go to a play and have a hearty laugh, even at Harlequin, than to sit at home and backbite one's neighbour or brother; and to cant with grimaces about charity and candour, and give a stab in the dark, or recommend war and devastation to please a minister. Come, come, Doctor, no *over-righteousness*. I wish there were no greater sins than going to a play.—The bottle is with you, Doctor—come let's drink Knox in half a glass, just to shew our charity.

Doctor. No—no—I cannot do it. Sooner than drink his health, I would drink poison. I hate him from my heart. No; drink whom you please, but I will stick to my old toast—"Mr. Pitt, and success to our arms."—Let me see the paper—are there no more than seven thousand of the Carmagnols and banditti left dead on the field?

Major. Mind the toast. We have drunk Mr. Pitt, and Church and State. Let us now drink some of their best friends, among whom I reckon the toast I gave. If he has offended, let us forget and forgive. *Soldiers* do not bear malice.

Doctor. God forbid! O Lord, no. No, I never bear malice. But I cannot drink his health. The wine would stick in my throat.—But, to shew you I can be as candid and charitable as you, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will withdraw, while you drink him. I have drunk the loyal toasts in such bumpers, that I must—odso!—I must go to
the

the screen. In the mean time, follow your fancies. But, on my return, let me hear no more of that pestilent fellow; if you drink his health in my hearing, as I am a member of the *association for the preservation of property*, I really must report you to the committee in an *anonymous letter*. And then—if not prosecuted—you will be a *marked* man; you'll not be *promoted*, my dear, that's all. Knox is marked, and will never get any thing as long as he lives. *We* took care to speak a good word for him to one that has a great man's ear. We have done his business. Thank God for that! Preach peace in time of war! Well, well—We have him down in the black book.

The Major scorned to reply. He viewed him with pity for a moment; and then, with all the officers present, and with great good nature and generosity, drank the toast, filling the *half* glasses up to the brim, and adding this sentiment, with three times three:—*May parsons preach peace in the pulpit; and soldiers shew their superiority and swords only against their country's enemies.*

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

A CURATE.

BLACK BEAR,

Dec. 13, 1793.

N° XI.

Rev. Sir,

My brethren and I were sorry to hear of the treatment you met with; but what business had you in the devil's house? Taking into consideration that you were in the Play-House, my brethren and I can only grieve for your imprudence and profaneness.

Besides, you should have died a *martyr to your doctrine*. You should have made no *concessions*. It would have been glorious to have suffered martyrdom in such a cause. But the devil got the advantage of you in his own house, and we are not surprised thereat. Yours to command,

ODI PROFANOS.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

Oct. 1, 1793.

N° XII.

Sir,

It seems you were called names. I am heartily glad of it. Calling names, if in earnest, is really a proof of good times, and great civilization. I speak seriously. Those who call names, shew a temper and inclination which would certainly proceed to sanguinary deeds, if they dared, and if the laws did not intervene, and the manners of the people were not repugnant to such barbarity.

This

This idea was suggested to me from some passages in a very sensible author, which I here transcribe, to save you the trouble of turning to them.

"The real cause and inward motive men act from, when they use ill language, or call names in earnest, is, in the first place, to give vent to their anger, which it is troublesome to stifle and conceal.

"Secondly, to vex and afflict their enemies, with greater hopes of IMPUNITY, than they could reasonably entertain, if they did them any more substantial mischief, which *the law would revenge*; but this never comes to be a custom, nor is thought of, before language is arrived at great perfection, and society carried to some degree of politeness.

"**** It is merry enough to assert, that scurrility is the effect of politeness.

"**** You shall call it what you please; but in its original, it is a plain shift to avoid fighting, and the ill consequences of it; for nobody ever called another rogue or rascal, but he would have struck him, if it had been in his own power, and himself had not been withheld by the FEAR OF SOMETHING OR OTHER; therefore, when people call names, without doing further injury, it is a sign, not only that they have wholesome laws among them against open force and violence, but likewise that they obey and stand in awe of them;—and a man begins to be a tolerable subject,

“*jest*, and is nigh half civilized, that in his passion will take up and content himself with this “PAULTRY EQUIVALENT, which never was done without great *self-denial* at first,—for otherwise the obvious, ready, and unstudied manner of venting and expressing anger, which nature teaches, is the same in human creatures as it is in other animals*.”

So that you see, if the warriors had not called names, and shewn their regard to law by this *poultry equivalent* for stabbing or knocking down, it would have been worse for you, and proved that the times were uncivilized, or that law had lost its force.

My conclusion therefore is, and it follows logically from these premises, that the persons whom Serjeant Smith reprobates for calling names, prove, by that very circumstance, that they were polished gentlemen and good subjects.

It is a great satisfaction to me thus to have cleared them from all imputations of an unfavourable nature. I wish all the belligerent powers would be satisfied with calling names, and thus proving themselves civilized and good citizens. *Banditti, Carmagnols, Sans Culottes, Jacobins*, which supply our newspapers with such choice of elegant appellations, according to this theory, do infinite honour to a great, an enlightened, a phi-

* *Viz.* Scratching, biting, tearing, &c. &c.—See Dialogues between Cleomenes and Horatio.

philosophic and generous nation, whose hired journalists make daily use of them. No less honour do the terms *Scoundrel*, *Rascal*, and *Democrat*, do the individuals who apply them liberally to their supposed enemies. They prove, that men who have no other fear, have at least the fear of the law before their eyes; and that they dare not do the cruel things their passions prompt them to, under our excellent Constitution. In the savage islands of the South Seas, they do not, I dare say, call names, but come behind a *Scoundrel*, a *Rascal*, and a *Democrat* with a *Patoo-Patoo*, and cleave his skull without ceremony. I am, Sir, Yours,

PATTY POISSARDE.

BILLINGSGATE,

Dec. 13. 1793.

P. S. Fresh fish every day. Come and buy some; and you shall hear how civilized and polished we are in the market. I learned to *indite* at the *boarding-school*. Is it not a shame that such low creatures should have *larning*?

N° XIII.

Sir,

I AM very angry; very angry indeed. In the newspaper account of the Brighton outrage, I read that *military* men did so and so. *Military* men! *military* men, Sir! I tell you, it is not true, Sir. Depend upon it—they were foxhunters in red coats, with a pack of puppies yelping at their

their heels; but no *military* men. We, Sir, know better. There is not a set of more generous men on God's earth than the military. I, for my part, would as soon attack my own father and mother, as insult a woman, or threaten a clergyman, especially when I was *armed*, assisted with a numerous body, and personally unprovoked. Blood and bones, Sir! I tell you once more, *military* are incapable of (such an action): You do not know the names, or qualities, of the party concerned; therefore you *may* be; and I say you *must* be, mistaken in thinking they were of the military order. A red coat don't make a soldier. A title is one thing, and honour another. I am only a SERJEANT, God knows; but I have got many an honourable scar, fighting face to face, in the field of battle. NO man can say I ever thought my red coat and sword *privileged* me to affront women and children; and as to *calling names*, &c. home, (God forgive me for swearing;) but sooner than spit my spite by *calling names*, I would pull off my regimentals, and put on petticoats.

I am clear no military men were concerned. I wanted to set you right. So begging your honour's pardon for this freedom, I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JOHN SMITH,

A Serjeant in the Regulars.

Strand, London,

August 20, 1793.

THE END.



[illegible]